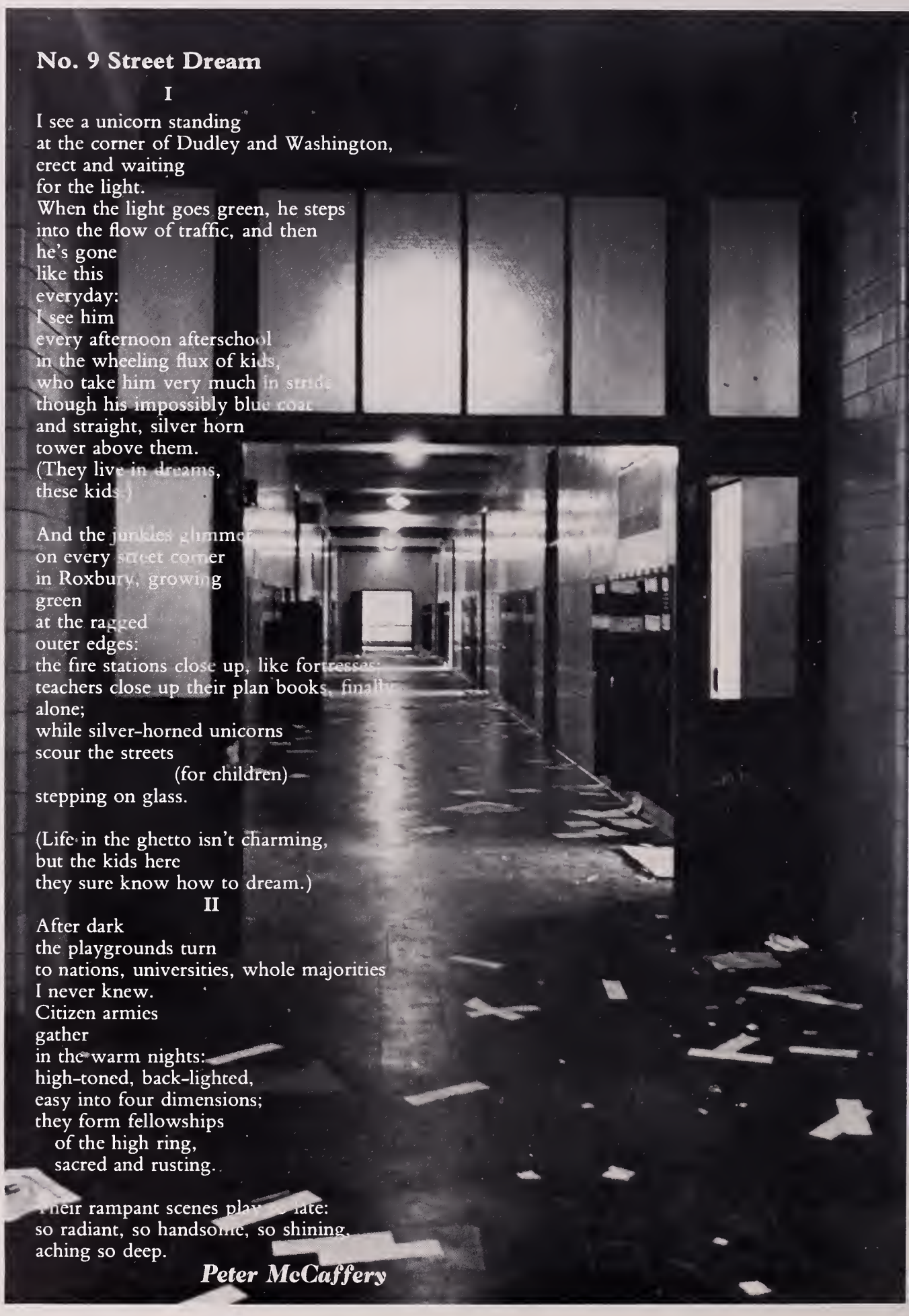
Wavelength

Spring '83

Volume 4 no. 3



No. 9 Street Dream

I

I see a unicorn standing
at the corner of Dudley and Washington,
erect and waiting
for the light.
When the light goes green, he steps
into the flow of traffic, and then
he's gone
like this
everyday:
I see him
every afternoon afterschool
in the wheeling flux of kids,
who take him very much in stride
though his impossibly blue coat
and straight, silver horn
tower above them.
(They live in dreams,
these kids.)

And the junkies glimmer
on every street corner
in Roxbury, growing
green
at the ragged
outer edges:
the fire stations close up, like fortresses;
teachers close up their plan books, finally
alone;
while silver-horned unicorns
scour the streets
(for children)
stepping on glass.

(Life in the ghetto isn't charming,
but the kids here
they sure know how to dream.)

II

After dark
the playgrounds turn
to nations, universities, whole majorities
I never knew.
Citizen armies
gather
in the warm nights:
high-toned, back-lighted,
easy into four dimensions;
they form fellowships
of the high ring,
sacred and rusting.

Their rampant scenes play so late:
so radiant, so handsome, so shining,
aching so deep.

Peter McCaffery

CONTENTS

Letters 3

Fiction

Below the Stone Bridge
Uchendu B. Eze 6

The Bear Slide
Jack Dasher 10

Loose Brew
Arthur Lipkin 13

The Cliff
Mary E. Ritchie 18

The World According to the World: Over the Rainbow There's Seldom Home
Donald McCrary 22

The Interview
Brian Riley 25

Review

Grace Jones
Ed White 52

Poetry

Peter McCaffrey, Margarita Stearns, Julia Robbins, Stephanie Goldstein, Brian Riley, Alex Trefonides, Wendy Barrett, Arthur Lipkin, Luigi Palmeri, R. Fitzgerald, Mabeth L. Porenta, Judy Lee, Gary Puddister, Allison Hurley, Nicholas T. Lassoff, Phillip Glaser, Frank Afflito

Third World

The Historical Indebtedness to the South
Cynthia Alvillar 54

Guatemala
Bill Allen 56

The United States/Chilean Experiment
Jay Alberto 58

They Shoot Children
Bob Hickey 59

Who are the Palestinians and What do they Want?
Frank Afflito 62

Essay

Iran
Rustan 9

How to Read a Book
Don McHugh 17

Pictures from the Mojave
Matthew Becker 19

Why I Would Rather Walk
Stephen Coronella 20

Masks and the Poro in Liberia
Michelle Byrd 44

Photo Essay

First Trip to Latin America Guatemala, 1979
Shea Sylvester 40

Sound Tracks
Arleen M. King 50

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Wavelength

Editorial Director
Laura Newbold

Business Manager
Jaci Hull

Literary Editor
Bill Paradis

Third World and News Editor
Bill Allen

Fiction Editor
Arthur Lipkin

Poetry Editor
James Haug

Art and Production Manager
Lisa Weinberg

Copy Editor
Allison Hurley

Staff:
Dennis Lordan, Efren Alba, Warren Reed, Helene Ragone, Ed White

Front Cover Photo: Gail McCarthy
Inside Front: Philip Glaser
Back Inside: Gail McCarthy
Back Cover: Janet Kennedy
Layout and Design: L Weinberg/L Newbold

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Jean Graham

Editorial

April 11, 1983
dear you mass,

When anyone feels oppressed — whether for political, personal, economic or any combination of these good reasons, it's hard to be creative. And that's just when creative resources are needed most.

That's why *Wavelength* is calling out from the literary corner of this university's hall of mirrors to ask students in other departments to send in your work. Say you're doing a research project on pollution in the harbor, or you're involved in a political organization on campus, write about it and send it in. Your peers want to hear from you.

College seems a lot like childhood, a time of dis-ease, when there's a lot of questioning going on — like "What are you going to be when you grow up?" (as if you're not really anything yet).

Well, it doesn't have to be that way. You can use this journal, or you can start one of your own that nobody else can read. You can use it like a mirror, something to keep track of what Rilke calls "the possibility of being." If you're honest about it, and don't play games, and you keep looking, the mirror will start to resonate. You might catch a glimpse of the beast, the one who's almost threatened with extinction in these days of cutbacks, a lot like academia.

But no one said it was going to be easy, so don't get off the track like I do. Just keep looking and pretty soon these things that you really don't need like grudges, and self-pity will start peeling off like onion skins and you'll start to hear your pulse beat, and if you keep staring and wondering, and if you have it in you, you'll see the unicorn. And you just might find yourselves laughing. Write soon.

Laura Newbold/the Wavelength staff

This is the creature there has never been.
They never knew it, and yet, none the less
They loved the way it moved, its suppleness
Its neck, its very gaze, mild and serene.
Not there, because they loved it, it behaved
As though it were. They always left some space.
And in that clear, unpeopled space they saved
It lightly reared its head, with scarce a trace
Of not being there. They fed it, not with corn,
But only with the possibility
Of being. And that was able to confer
Such strength. its brow put forth a horn. One horn.
Whetely it stole up to the maid — to be
Within the silver mirror and in her.
— *Rainer Maria Rilke.* Sonnets to Orpheus.

Letter to the Editor

Dearly Beloved,

I have gathered together here feelings of dazzling sorrow for the decline and fall of Cosmos Cafe; late of Building 010, third floor, near the Pub. The Restaurant opened in 1976 to provide low-cost vegetarian meals for the UMass/Boston community. In January of this year, Cosmos was ordered closed on account of a faulty valve in the cucumber vessel at the S.A.C. Mile Island Power Play.

According to an S.A.C. spokesman, Cosmos was not making enough revenue to justify its existence. Not only were the State auditors turned off because the Restaurant was losing money, the health inspectors weren't too pleased with certain aspects of serving food at that location. Evidently, the food needed to stay warmer, therefore a steam table to properly keep the food warm was thought necessary but the outlets at Cosmos are not equipped to handled the amount of voltage needed to supply power to the table. (Is this beyond the power of the Physical Plant Crew? There's very little that escapes their talents.) Not only this, but the fiberboard ceiling was broken in places and the fibers floated freely in copious amounts onto uncovered food which was being handled by unplastic fleshy hands crawling with infectious bacteria and viruses! (Courageous Cosmos's customers *sneer* at such everyday dangers!)

The DAKA people serve vegetarian dishes in the College 010 cafeteria. To attract former Cosmos customers to eat DAKA, they even serve herb teas and have a salad bar! Although the DAKA One crew have bent over backward and have done a good job, Cosmos is still sorely missed. A good lesson for DAKA to learn from the closing of Cosmos; employ Cosmos-style gourmet vegetarian meals.

The S.A.C. members saw the deficit spending to keep the Restaurant open as a "pork barrel" (or "Broccoli-barrel") for the people who work there, and called for a halt. I have heard rumors that, as a S.A.C. member, I voted in favor of the shut-down. That is not the truth. I vehemently opposed it and argued in favor of the Cosmos revival with overflow funds received from the billing of Boston State students. The S.A.C. director, Chris Clifford, plans to turn the restaurant area into a "video screening room" along with video games to entertain and delight all the bored or tired students looking for a diversion to fill in the time. (As if there aren't enough of them in bars and parlors everywhere.) Hats off to Mr. Clifford for his ingenious use of S.A.T.F. money. (Imagine how much money a video game tournament will take in for the S.A.C.!) Pac-man will be the only masticating creature left at the Old Cosmos Restaurant. How ironic that space junk should replace earth food.

All is not lost for the alternative snack-bar. If a suitable area can be found to re-establish Earth Foods/Cosmos, the rest is fairly easy, according to the latest prospects from S.A.C. However, if the Restaurant is sorely missed from the UMass/Boston experience now as the students in 1976 found it and petitioned the SAC and the University Administration to provide what was desired by a large portion of the students, the same can be done in 1983. Alas, as a senior and near graduate, I am involved with other pursuits. Perhaps a demonstration like the one suggested in the April Fool issue of the Wass Wedia is not far from the mark.

Sincerely,
Dennis P. Lordan
Cosmos Manager '80-'81
and S.A.C. member '82-'83

Editor's Note: No decision has been made on the use of this room. If anyone has suggestions or ideas they should write a proposal and ask that it be put on the agenda at a SAC meeting

Michael Stephens

Compliments of

DAKA

Wishing you a happy and productive summer,

Thank you for your support throughout the year

and

While you're working to pay your next year's tuition and sunning yourself on the beach, we will be busy updating our menu and brainstorming for new innovative ideas to better service your needs.

Remember your suggestions are always welcome.

Below the Stone Bridge *Fiction*

by Uchendu B. Eze

I see it all as a beautiful picture. Anybody would have admired it, but meanwhile I am looking at an empty wall. That makes the difference. Yet I can visualize the river flowing below the blue arc of the sky and the rays of the large sun falling aslant upon the surface water. A stone bridge shoots across the river connecting palm groves on either side. I have said "Wonderful" two or three times, perhaps even more, when Marina suddenly stops talking. I turn toward her and our eyes meet.

"What's wonderful?" she demands.

I smile to hide the blandness of my face. She repeats the question and I respond, "Is it not wonderful?"

"What?"

I tender an apology, having realized that I can't get out of it that way. That brings us back where we started, before she took over control. But now she is not hiding her feelings. We shall not live together, she insists. I attempt to explain that all I have been trying to do is to figure out the best place for us to live.

"The best place to live is where we are," she says. "The grand pictures of all other places are illusions." I can't imagine somebody making such a statement, and I try to recall the little I know about the world's geography and the variations in its climatic conditions. That doesn't help. It seems she has formed her opinion long ago and nothing will make her bend her philosophy. Her reasoning is that island people have as much fascination for the desert as desert people have for the sea. That may be true. Yet I cannot dissociate myself from the view that one who loves the sea should move closer to the sea, and one who has a great liking for the desert had better erect a tent upon the sand dunes.

"That is if he can."

"Of course—and we can."

"But why?" she wonders.

"To be happy," I reply without hesitation. "I feel we both want to be happy."

"We will be larks here if the two of us can listen."

What else will I do but listen. I remain silent as she goes on, "On a fine day, the sea bristles from afar. At the same time you see a sea upon the desert. Go near either, you feel the wind. Stay long

Rebecca Sacks

enough and you'll feel it a bit too cold or too hot."

I feel at a loss. Certainly, she has an edge over me. Her views have not that expansiveness that renders mine almost inconcrete, and, though I love painting, I am not good enough at it to illustrate it all clearly to her. Having done my best, I end up pleading for our relocation.

"That is an adventure," she maintains.

"Call it what you like," I plead, "but let's make a move."

She assents.

We mean to explore the world for a beautiful island. On the fourth day we find ourselves and our little possessions inside a small boat upon the Atlantic. We have crossed the equator moving down South. The weather is bright and the waves are mere ripples, very lovely to look at. We row to keep our course and allow the boat to drift. We don't talk much. I tend to think it's because our journey means different things to us. Or maybe she too contemplates the ocean, its mysteries and how we stand in relation to it. This I am not sure of.

Sometimes I busy myself trying to make a sketch. Eventually I throw the folded piece of paper out in front to her. She picks it up beside her feet.

"This is good," she says, "but we are not represented." I know that too. But I know I can't put in ourselves without distorting the picture and spoiling it.

"And where is this we are going to?" she asks still looking at the sketch.

"I know we are heading somewhere." And not knowing exactly where, I add, "We are going to land somewhere. Let's follow the waves."

"Imagine what you say!" she cries turning back to me. "Imagine following the waves to land at . . . God knows where!"

I understand what she means. I understand too that she is not aware of how this idea fascinates me. Are we to turn back and row in counter direction to the waves? Not that it is a difficult task, for if we row on one side a few seconds the boat will turn. My fascination is beyond reason and I hate to turn back. That's all.

"Let's keep on," I say dipping my paddle into the water a few times to keep the boat straight. She keeps silent; and my mind seems like a sparrow on the wing longing for a perch. The water spreads out, and far in the distance the sun seems to be resting upon the silvery film, sinking. Faint echoes come to us: wee-low wee-low. I become more apprehensive. Aziza, our boat, is small and I have boldly written below her name: Bon Voyage. Why? And what else should I have written? As I think about it, everything familiar seems indescribable and what is not familiar takes on a strangeness that is rather frightening. Gradually the sun sets and the vast darkness merges with the ocean to form an ominous dominion. We are covering miles and miles of water going to. . . .

The weather is bright and the waves are mere ripples, very lovely to look at. We row to keep our course and allow the boat to drift. We don't talk much. I tend to think it's because our journey means different things to us.

The wind is approaching. Or we are approaching the wind. I cannot see far nor clearly with the solitary light of the lamp inside the boat. But I can remember the vague forms floating around us, coming and disappearing. Wheeh! images and images and images. It is too great a task for anyone to try to sketch them all. Perhaps it's enough to put ourselves in a little picture. But what about distorting it? That is the problem.

We are happy there is no storm during the night, though at intervals spasms of chilly wind sweep across us. As soon as the eastern horizon starts turning grey, we begin to see some leaves floating along.

"Look," I say, "here are leaves. We are sure to find land."

"Where are we now?" she asks. I reply that I honestly don't know. Again she asks where we are going, and I give her the same answer. After an interval of silence she observes, "We badly need a map and a telescope. You never think about it."

"Oh, well," I gasp, and after reflecting on these oversights I consider it probably more satisfying to stumble onto something one is looking for without a prior knowledge of where to find it. We keep moving.

At ten o'clock we discern the canopy of a rain forest in the distance; but, now, there comes a stronger wind and not so far ahead we can see masses of water rising up into air and tumbling over. Here comes the storm; we know it. It seems dreadful. It's approaching us, and we are moving straight toward it. No word comes from either of us. We move on, silently, not because we have enough strength to battle the waves but because she has a point to prove, and proving hers mine will be somehow vindicated.

Aziza starts to flounder.

"Keep up, dear," I say in an attempt to steel her courage and also nullify my own anxieties.

"All right," she says rowing harder and harder with all her strength. I do the same. A sudden jolt thrusts the boat up and nearly turns it over. We are both soaked and a sizable volume has collected inside the boat. Soon we are standing still at a point. The ocean is boiling over; and the water marks are rising both inside and outside the boat. There is not time to do anything else but row and row. We have hardly moved a foot ahead when another jolt nearly turns the boat around. Row and row, with aching arms; that's all we have to

do. There's no time to do anything else, not even to think about the storm that bounces back and forth in aesthetic rhythm:

Heaven and Hell
Are far away
When man's got to face the gale.

Yet Marina cries, "Good Lord!"

We are about giving up and her exclamation comes naturally. Thereafter she tightens her lips and leaves but one impression. What an image to make a sketch of! There's no time. The waves are rushing past us. Those artists who draw good images of the oceans surely must have had their feet on dry land.

So we row on, invariably, and so indifferent to how near we stand to going down. After an immeasurable length of time the upthrusts begin to come with less and less frequency; and not long after, the raging waves start settling down.

I look up into sky and the sun has covered a quarter of the western heavens. How many miles has it covered from where it stood before the storm? I wonder. Certainly it must have covered a tremendous distance. And what about us? I look back and see, pretty close to us, where we first met the storm. Looking at my wrist, I now discover that my watch is gone. It must have fallen into the water. A sacrifice, I think.

"Do you know the exact time now?"

"What for?" she asks.

"Just to know when the storm ended."

"Without knowing where we are and where we are heading to? Stupid."

"My watch is gone," I sigh.

"What is it?" she asks.

"My watch is gone."

"Is that all? What if we had fallen in too?"

"I never give it a thought." Then looking at the nape of her neck, I add, "It will be really painful if we fall in separately and watch each other struggling and losing the battle. If only we clasp each other and. . . ."

I notice she is thinking. What? The current is almost back to normal. She bails out the water inside the boat. I think about making another sketch and giving it the title "Life and Death." We'll be there. But what about distorting it?

Again in the distance the sun seems like a large ball of fire resting upon the silver film, sinking. The wind whispers far off. I don't have much fear now; we are close to a coast. The forest is thick along the coastline. There is no palm grove close by. Anyway, we are looking for a safe landing place. In about two hundred yards we chance upon the mouth of a river.

"Thank God," she screams at first sighting it. "Let's turn in here." I agree.

Before nightfall we have moved far up the river. And in front of us is a bridge. We both feel we can land here, though the waves — disturbed by the concrete pillars of the bridge — create here a relatively stronger current. Rugged points of stone jut out on either end.

"Let's try the right end of the bridge," I suggest.

We turn the boat. Getting close, Marina feels we had better turn to the other end.

"No," I urge her. "Let's make an attempt."

"No," she insists.

I try to row forward, she tries to row backward. The boat stands still at a point.

"O, dear, what —" I scream, but before I can finish the sentence the current pushes the boat against the pillars and both of us fall over. We have no difficulty reaching for the girders underneath the bridge. Aziza surfaces downstream. (It is made from Oghulu tree and cannot sink). Neither of us had the energy to swim to reach it. It follows the current, going back where we just came from.

Marina glances at it and says, "We need help — you in particular."

"Why me, in particular?" I wonder.

We hang where we are, the water reaching up to our waists. A tse-tse fly perches on my arm, but that means nothing to me. It only flies to her when my skin creeps. We hear the engine of a car, passing over the bridge, but that means nothing to us.

"We need help," she repeats.

Looking up and down the river, I find it desolate and quiet all through except that, where we are, below the stone bridge the river hums its ancient tunes and the waves move on and on with Ipitomi beat.

Philip Glaser

Iran

Rustam

Essay

From an exiled and pining Iranian,

I hope that this Persian pastiche will give you a meaningful impression of the fascinating land and people of Iran. The contents of these few lines have to be a pastiche as it is clearly impossible to condense decades of Iranian living into so short a space. However, by reading this passage, I hope you gain some appreciation of my struggle to present Iran without the involvement of politics, but instead offer you a glimpse at Iran's vast beauty.

Iranians are volatile, vociferous, gregarious, tough minded, yet sensitive, keen-witted and humorous. Iranian people love food and company. They love parties and gatherings, and can be seen at their most engaging and fun loving at their New Year picnic in early April. Traditional music, dance, poetry and sport reflect their outgoing nature.

Family ties are extremely strong. The web of family principles persists and homeland ties are seen as immutable. The population of Iran is approximately 35 million, but the political events of the past five years have created an exiled Iranian population in most major European and North American cities. Whether exiled by compulsion or choice, expatriate Iranians retain their affection for Iran and try to maintain their indigenous lifestyle. Persian culture is precious, the Farsi language likewise.

Farsi is the traditional language, an extremely expressive and poetic tongue. This Indo-Aryan language has been written in an Arabic calligraphic script since the seventh century, thus causing some confusion to Westerners who mistakenly regard Iranians as Semitic. They are not.

Iran is a very large country, over six-hundred thousand square miles. It is a land of marked georgraphical contrasts in landscape, climate, vegetation and people. Mainly a harsh plateau, it provides a land bridge crossroad between East and West, Asia proper and Europe.

There is a bewildering array of delights to be enjoyed in Iran. It is a sensuous country alive with a multiplicity of unique sights, sounds, smells, tastes, and textures. The eyes are confronted with breath-taking views of formidagle mountain ranges leading down to desert plains, tangled forests, and emerald-green rice paddies. The sibilant hissing of the hand-pumped gas lights at the road side fruit and vegetable stalls, contrasts with the cacophony of Tehran traffic and the prayer call of the Mosques as they drift through the early morning air, (Iran is Islamic but other minority religions survive.)

The hand drum, oboe, and flute accompany the finger snapping dancers at the village wedding. The bubbling of the hookah punctuates the tea house smoker's animated conversation. A clanging of camel bells heralds the spring time caravans.

Iran is aromatic. The subtle smells of water-sprinkled herbs at the green grocers compete with the mouth watering smoke from the kabab shop next door. Scents from flower shops and gardens, fresh raindrops on dusty paths and pavements, soaps and spices in the bazaar, tantalize ones hitherto dormant nostrils.

Taste buds tingle in Iran. Fresh mint sprinkled on goat's cheese, "somag" on steaming rice, pickled garlic at the Caspian, crisp and sour plums, bitter Turkish coffee, and the honey sweetness of baklava are only a few of the never to be forgotten tastes of Iran.

Iran is also a tactile experience. The abrasive texture of the unshaven cheek proffered to be kissed in greeting. The lingering hand shake, the elbow grasp, the cool texture of glazed tile work on mosque walls, the rigid mosaic, the direct contrast of the cool beaded condensation on the rough terracotta sides of the clay jar of yogurt, the embossed calligraphy of Koran pages all delight the fingertip. Touch, like all other Iranian experiences can be harsh, direct, or infinitely subtle. Like the country itself or it's extraordinary people, Iran is a land of contrasts.

One last thing, an evocative memory of magical moments, is of a simple drive out of Tehran to reach Mount Damavand. Damavand is an extinct volcano some forty-five miles northeast of Tehran. On clear days it can be seen directly from mid-town Tehran. It appears to be much nearer than it really is. The sun strikes the snowy peaks transforming them into dazzling white, shimmering gold or icing sugarpink, according to season and time of day. Sometimes it is enshrouded in mist or clouds and it assumes a mysterious menace. No wonder it is a peak of folkloric and poetic significance.

Damavand appears to beckon you from Tehran and draws you irresistibly toward its slopes, yet when you try to drive there it seems to receed behind it's protectors. The Alborz foothills close in like guardians and the serpentine road appears to be leading you furthur away from Damavand rather than towards it. Finally at Pollour, Damavand is quite suddenly revealed, a breathtaking and majestic site, especially in the autumn when the red and gold leaved poplars and birches seem to be heating it from below. This majestic beauty rewards you from a tantalizing drive.

Nestled almost in the shadow of Damavand is a typical Iranian teahouse; squat, flat roofed, mud walled, minimally furnished, sparsely decorated, yet welcoming. The "samovar", like an eternal flame, continously hisses and drips. The teapot at its crest brews a strong aromatic tea which can be diluted to taste. A large glass of scalding water sterilizes a set of teaspoons. Lumps of sugar in a simple plastic bowl are brought to the bare metal table along with spoons and glasses. Everything is boiling hot and almost impossible to handle yet so comforting, warming, and satisfying to the drinker. The tea is sipped slowly. It is sweetened as it swirls past the lump of sugar clenched between the front teeth. Noisy slurps betoken enjoyment rather than poor table manners.

On the valley meadowlands, skirting the river that runs under the road bridge outside the teahouse, clusters of beehives can be seen. Pollour is famous for its honey. A dish of golden honey and leaves of freshly baked unleavened "lavash" bread and home-churned butter is served with tea. It is a delicious meal in itself, sharpened by the clean tang of mountain air.

Bread is also a common dietary factor, a daily necessity. Iranians bake a wide variety of unleavened bread including plain, whole meal, sesame, or sweet; different sizes, shapes, pastes, tastes, and textures. Bakers shops are a focal point of any village or city district with three bakings a day. People queue at the bread regardless of weather. On a winter's night, the glow from the oven's inner surface reminds one of an open firebox on a steamtrain. The baker seems to be risking life and limbs. He is illuminated by a firey halo as he slaps dough on the oven's inner surface. The smell is pervasive and mouth watering. Rare is the bread that reaches home unsampled. Some does not reach home at all.

A tasty introduction to Iran's vast beauty, and only an introduction, as it takes more than just a few lines to reproduce magical memories of one's country for others to enjoy. I hope by writing this passage that I have helped others to understand that this country's natural beauty will always remain. Political events are only going to change people's face value of Iran. The majestic country itself will always be there, and its true grandeur should never be questioned.

Fiction

The Bear Slide

Jack Dashner

Paul didn't notice that Russell was missing until he looked back on a relatively smooth section of powerline and saw nothing but the dust from his own bike settling to the ground. To even have looked back at that speed was foolhardy, and he whipped his helmeted head around quickly, in the fear that Russell had passed on the opposite side while his head was turned. No, there was nothing in front of him but the straight yellow slash of the electric company's right of way through the southern pines.

Paul slowed gradually, and then pulled up beside a small boulder that he could rest his foot on to keep the motorcycle from falling over; he felt as though he never would be able to pick it up if it went down one more time.

All through the heat of the Georgia day he and Russell had raced nose to tail; swapping the lead back and forth.

Paul thought of the first serious obstacle they had come to in the race: a plowed field that had been turned to a sticky red morass by the previous night's rain.

Exhausted riders had lain at the edge of the field in the shade, or right in the mud beside their stuck bikes. Spectators had tiptoed around the edges, pointing out as yet untried routes to newly arrived riders. Others had snapped camera shutters or passed out beers to riders who had known they could go no farther.

Russell had nailed the throttle and wheelied right at the deepest rut, right down the middle, sheets of mud and water flying all over the other riders and spectators as he kept the front wheel high. Paul had been right behind him, catching most of the roostertail. They were almost across when Russell's bike faltered for a second, then found traction again and rocketed up onto firm ground.

That second was just enough to cause Paul to back off, dropping his front wheel into the mud and flinging him over the handlebars. As he scrambled to his feet in the gelatinous mud, he saw Russell stomping back into the field with a big grin on his face. Together they had pulled Paul's bike the final fifteen feet to safety. Paul could really feel the heat now that he had stopped, and there were millions of tiny bugs stirred up from the mud.

"Are you having fun?" croaked Russell. "Isn't this what we came nine-hundred miles for?"

Paul grinned. "C'mon, Russell, this is what separates the men from the boys."

Paul had started his bike and as he rode past Russell's kicked it over, then showered the cursing Russell with mud and pebbles as he accelerated away.

After that the mud holes had come more often; the heat and the humidity became more oppressive. They had both gone down numerous times, gotten stuck and helped each other over obstacles.

Paul shoved off from the boulder and started riding again. Fuck it, he'd tell them at the next check that Russell was probably out on the trail; broken or out of gas most likely. But what if he was hurt? What if he was lying back there? Was it likely any riders would stop for him this late in the race?

Not very likely. Only the hard guys were still in the race at this point; most of them would ride over their own mothers if they thought stopping would cost them a couple of minutes on their score. That's what made them "A" riders.

Jesus! Now that he thought about it this was the farthest Russell and he had ever come in an enduro. Then with a jolt he realized that it was only he that had come this far; Russell was behind him somewhere, probably at about mile one hundred where they usually ran out of steam. Oh, they'd always finished an event if they could, but at a much reduced rate of speed. Not on gold medal time or even silver or bronze. And of course they never earned any promotion points.

Paul slid around a corner and crested a slight rise. There on the other side was a check point. As he pulled up to have his card marked, one of the crew reached up and flipped over the number cards on the little tripod.

Number eighteen! Holy shit, he had zeroed the check!

Paul saw Joe Pino, one of the riders from his own club, sitting on the tailgate of a four-wheel-drive truck with the mangled remains of his bike piled in the back. Joe was drinking a beer and didn't look too much the worse for wear; of course, the son of a bitch was all muscle with hardly any moving parts above the neck.

"Where's your partner in crime?" shouted Pino.

Paul rode over to the truck and propped a foot against the tailgate.

"Gimme a hit of that beer, Joe."

"Don't drink too much or you'll puke."

"I've got to go back and look for Russell."

"You asshole, you're still on gold! You go back for him now and everyone's gonna *know* you two are corn holin each other."

"Fuck you, Joey, you know I can't leave him out there."

"Tell you what, you dumb Portagee, I'll ride back and look for his body. Was he with you at the last check?"

"No, but I thought he was right behind me."

"Well, in that case, I'll call Gordie on the c.b. and have him check the section before that; now get the hell outta here."

"Ok, thanks."

"Wait a minute." Pino leaned close to Paul's helmet.

"I heard them talkin." he nodded at the check crew. "There's only one more check, but it's at the top of the *Bear Slide*."

Paul felt his heart sink.

"You mean we have to go *up* the Bear Slide?"

"Yup, so you getter go like a mother and get all the time in hand that you can. That hill's gonna be covered with losers."

Just then they heard a big open class bike coming on at tremendous speed.

"This oughta be good," grinned Pino.

It was Russell who sailed over the rise, saw the checkpoint and managed to get the bike back on the ground and stopped before he had gone outside of the flagged area.

Russell's goggles were broken and pulled down around his neck and most of the back of his nylon riding jersey was missing. He looked unseeingly at Paul, shouted something to the check crew, and left in a shower of gravel.

"Well, you better get after him," said Pino. "I'll pick up a jar of vaseline for you two on my way in." Joe was grinning.

Paul grinned back, flipped Pino the finger, and launched his bike after Russell's.

Many times in the final miles they were side by side, the great bikes bellowing their challenge to one another. The excitement was wonderful now, blasting around blind corners or over jumps at eighty or ninety miles an hour. If there was a rider down, or a spectator, or some other obstacle, there would be no place to go; and you didn't walk away from a crash at these speeds.

Paul snatched a glance at Russell and saw Russell looking back at him. The eyes were wondering, questioning, as though seeing Paul for the first time.

They charged around a final corner, and Paul could see the Bear Slide. It reared up in front of them like a wall at the end of the powerline. The hill itself was littered with bikes and riders that it had denied, as though a squadron of colorful butterflies were resting on its steep face. Along both sides were hundreds of spectators screaming with delight. Paul knew they must have been able to see Russell and him racing over the last couple of miles, and now they were looking forward to the final test, when one or the other would back off at the entrance to the narrow trail up the hill.

When it finally happened it was almost like a dream. Paul saw the boulder on the right and realized he wasn't going to clear it. At the last moment he stood up on the pegs and felt his right leg grabbed and flung out behind him; then he cartwheeled into the hill. The very last image he had was of Russell's torn shirt fluttering up to join the rest of the butterflies.

When he came to, the first thing Paul noticed was that he could see the edges of his helmet with his peripheral vision; he had never noticed that before. Then with a start he remembered where he was.

"Christ the pain is going to be unreal." He was talking out loud; he had to stop that. He waited. Where was the pain? Then he thought about the time Kenny Wooding had broken his neck in the sand pit. Kenny had said, "I'm alright, nothing hurts at all," but when he had tried to get up nothing worked. He was paralyzed from the neck down.

Paul vomited. The puke ran out the side of his mouth and down into the back of his helmet. He could feel it clotting in his hair. "Ok. Paul, don't panic, try moving something." Was he talking out loud again? Who gives a shit! Try to move something!

Paul picked up one arm, slowly, he didn't want to do more damage by moving suddenly, then the other one. He held his hands up in front of his face.

"Oh, thank you, God." At least he had movement in his arms. Now the legs. He wiggled his toes and then tried to pull his legs up. Nothing moved. And his legs were cold, freezing cold. Paul remembered Kenny, when they had him strapped to the backboard in the ambulance. Kenny hadn't been too worried because he could wiggle his toes, but he had said his legs were freez . . . .

A miniature avalanche of sand and stones rattled against his helmet, and then Russell shot by, sliding on the seat of his pants. A moment later, Paul heard scrabbling noises then Russell's sweaty face was looking down at him.

"You gonna lay here all day?"

"Listen, Russell, don't fuck around. I think my back is broken. I can't move my legs and they're freezing cold."

"Naturally asshole, there's a two hundred and fifty pound motorcycle layin' across them peein' gas all over them." Russell flipped the bike over on its other side, and Paul, relieved of his anchor, slid another ten feet down the hill crunching into the boulder he had hit in the first place.

Paul got shakily to his feet, leaning on the boulder, and the vomit ran out of his helmet and down his back.

"Jeezus! You are dis-*gusting*! Are you gonna frig around sliding down the hill and doing barf tricks or are you gonna finish the race?" Russell was grinning.

"Russell, did you come all the way back down here just to bust my balls?"

"My, aren't we testy! Did I spoil your little fantasy? You were going to be Jon Voight in the wheelchair, all muscles and tan, with Jane Fonda to sit on your face maybe? Seriously though, I was on reserve when I passed you at the last check, and I ran out of gas just as you hit the rock. My bike is about fifty feet up the trail."

"Ok Russ, start my bike and we'll both ride up and get you some gas."

"No way. I'm not showin up at the last check on the back of your bike."

"Afraid of what they'll say?"

"Seriously, Paul, from the bottom of my heart—from the very balls of my feet—who gives a shit! I

"Wait a minute." Pino leaned close to Paul's helmet.

"I heard them talkin," he nodded at the check crew. "There's only one more check, but it's at the top of the Bear Slide."

Paul felt his heart sink.

"You mean we have to go* up *the Bear Slide?"

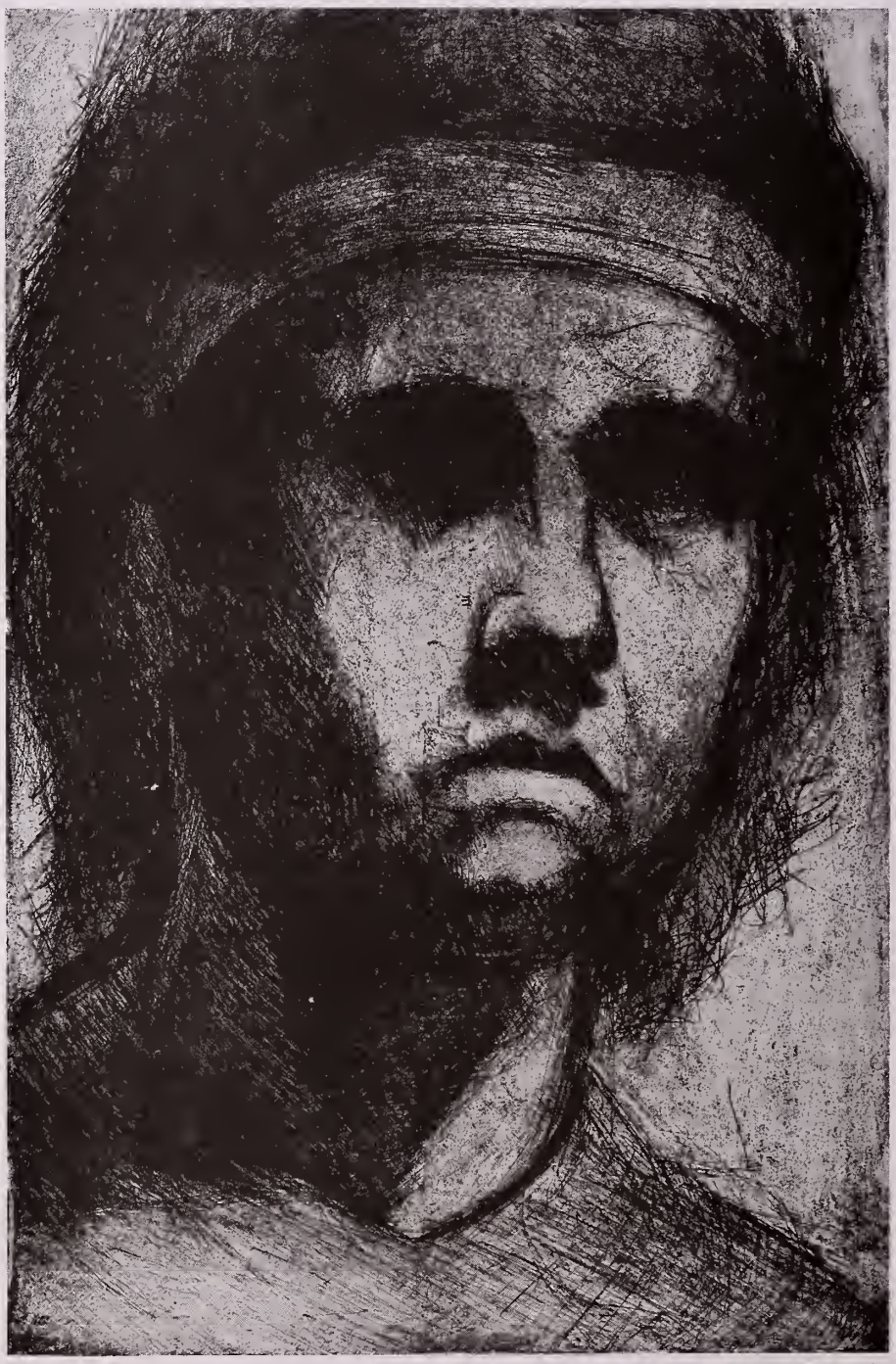
just don't wanna get puke all over me." Russell was smiling again, but it was a strange smile, somehow sad, and he didn't look Paul in the eye.

Russell scrambled over, stood Paul's bike up and kicked it back to life while Paul limped towards him.

"Get on the back, shithead!" Paul screamed, over the noise of the engine.

Russell tapped his helmet-covered ears and shrugged his shoulders. He pointed up the hill to where the flags drooped on the crest and the numbered cards were flipped over every sixty seconds. He still didn't look Paul in the eye.

Paul hesitated, astride the bike now, holding the clutch lever in, revving the engine. Russell pointed again, demandingly, emphatically, and this time he turned his head and looked at Paul. For a long moment Paul looked back; then he let the clutch lever out and went up the hill.



Dave Parziale

Loose Brew

Arthur Lipkin

Sitting up in bed with two pillows behind her head, Kate lifted her eyes from the open *Mother Jones* magazine propped against her raised knees to the television screen. Phil Donahue was interviewing a sex therapy surrogate. "Ms. Donaldson," he asked the lithe brunette with eyes like fried eggs, "how do you keep from getting involved with those men that you admit feeling an attraction for?"

"Well, Phil, it's no different from anyone else that may be attracted to someone in the course of their job. You can't tell me that you've never been attracted to any of your guests on this show, for instance . . ." The audience began to laugh and Ms. Donaldson winked coyly at the camera. "Really, Phil, you wouldn't seriously consider getting involved with them."

Donahue smirked. "Come on, Ms. Donaldson, there's gotta be a greater likelihood factor here. What are the chances of my having an affair with a guest compared to your having more than a 'professional' relationship with someone you happen to be having sex with because it's your line of work."

Again the audience laughed. Kate got quickly out of bed.

"After a while, Phil, holding a man's penis becomes just as mundane as holding a microphone. Work is work . . ." As Phil examined his microphone with consternation, Kate turned off the t.v.

"Penises and microphones," she proclaimed to her bedroom. "Would any of you rockers care to comment on that? . . . None? Mr. Jagger, you must have something to say on the topic . . . Mr. Stewart? . . . Nothing? Oh dear, have we all gone mum? Or is Mum the source of our reticence? Afraid she may be listening — the old girl who first warned you not to touch it."

Kate whirled around majestically and kicked a basket full of used tissues onto the carpet. "Damn, why didn't I empty this damn thing yesterday." She crouched down and began picking up the scattered evidence of her two-day head cold. "I will never watch that show again. That liberal codpiece gets me too worked up." The doorbell rang. Kate put the basket aside and straightened the cover on her bed. The she put on a kimono-style robe and crossed her apartment to answer the door.

Ronnie Davis

"Hi! Oh, I'm sorry to get you out of bed." It was Bob from her office, scrubbed and scrumptious, she thought for a moment. "I guess I should have called first, but I just sort of came over. I'm on my lunch break."

"No, that's o.k., really. I'm glad you came over. I'm happy to see another human being in three dimensions. I've done nothing but watch t.v. and read for days. Sit down. Throw your coat anywhere."

"I thought to myself just as I rang the bell, 'She's probably sleeping.'"

"I've slept so much I can't sleep any more. This morning I've been reading magazines, watching Donahue, and interviewing rock stars."

"Rock stars? What's that all about?"

"Ohhh . . . on the topic of penises and microphones."

"Kate, you're nuts. Do you have a fever?"

"No. I'm feeling almost back to normal today. How dull! I wish I had a fever. For life. Then I could sit at the window and wait feverishly for my lover. Or squirm feverishly on my bed. Or write feverishly. No, wait. Not write feverishly. Feverishly write. That's better." Kate got up from a red velveteen armchair and moved toward the kitchen. "Do you want something to drink? Orange juice? Shall I make coffee?" Bob rose and followed her.

"Orange juice will be fine." In the three-by-five kitchen he put his hand on her forehead. "I think you don't have a fever, lady. So how do you explain this delirium? Rock stars' penises, indeed. My dear, I might have to commit you for observation. Just for a few days, understand, but it'll cost you more than a month at Club Med."

She laughed and nearly dropped the orange juice carton onto the counter. "You know, Kate, in that get-up you could pass for Madame Butterfly. Is this the ancient orange juice ceremony?"

"No, Yankee, this just preliminary offering to citrus spirit, before I throw myself into the Cuisinart."

"Wait! First tell me where you stashed the kid?"

"Not till you tell me who's the occidental broad out there behind the spreading yew?"

He took the glass of juice she offered. "God, Kate, the Cuisinart. are you that desperate.?"

"Damn, it, Bob, I'm so bored."

"That's because you've been housebound."

"No, I don't mean that. Although being alone for a few days does focus it for me. I mean I'm bored with my life. My job is not

challenging — "

"*Your* job?"

"Our job. 'Miss Feinberg, send out rejection slips to these two hundred teacher applicants.' I used to have some hope that this job would only be temporary. Just until the teacher glut was over. And then, being in the system already, I could just slip into a classroom job. Ha, how stupid! Let's go back in the living room and sit down. This kitchen gives me the creeby jeebies. I swear, the walls have closed in a foot since I first moved in here."

After she had settled in her red chair and Bob had sunk into the couch, he picked up the old depressing topic. "The teacher surplus will never pass, you know. Birth control has done us in. I'll never get my teaching job back and you'll never even get the opportunity to get jaded."

"But I wouldn't get jaded. I like kids. I like English, though I guess it'd be better if I liked Physics or Computer Math or something. Then I'd get a job in a minute."

"Right. You wouldn't even have to be any good."

"Oh, in English I'd be good. And if I ever felt I wasn't anymore, than I hope I'd have the honesty to quit."

Bob looked hurt and took a slow drink of juice. He pulled in his lips tightly, then relaxed them. "Are you accusing me of something, Kate?"

"No, not directly. You never had to make the decision to quit, did you? They laid you off and spared you the agony. I wonder though, how you would feel right now if you were still teaching. You certainly seem relieved to be away from it."

"I don't hide it — I *am* in many ways. When they first offered me this secretary's job, I thought about prestige and all. But you know I'm enough of an egalitarian to have gotten over it. The pay difference . . . well . . . and the inconsolable triviality? Except for that I find myself immensely fulfilled."

"I know, Bob. People just can't conceive how rewarding it is to the spirit to know that you can write a better press release than the Superintendent."

"It's thoughts like that that help me put my warm ass on the cold toilet seat five mornings a week."

"What do you do the other two days?" Kate asked, grinning at him.

"Don't have to sit. An old yogi taught me total control while I was serving Her Majesty in India. Half the Third World practice it."

"Half the Third World don't have toilet seats, Bobbie."

"Tush-shay, Kate. You're right. I read that in the *Wall Street Journal*."

Their smiles faded. The apartment was quiet except for the whoosh of the humidifier in Kate's bedroom. "So what are we going to do?" she asked.

"About what?"

"About our jobs . . . our lives."

"Oh, the little stuff, you mean?"

"Ya, the little stuff. . . . When my mother was growing up her father used to use that expression. 'Rhoda, how's every little thing?' he'd ask her. She told me, 'I could always tell him "Fine papa," because it was only the big things that were terrible.' "

"No challenge at work," Bob said softly. "No lover at home."

"I feel as if I've got to do something very brave or I could spend the rest of my life over a keyboard. Three days a week of aerobic dance isn't enough. And then to find that every man who talks to me at the bars is a puffball."

Bob stiffened. "I beg your pardon?"

"Not you, Bob. You know what I mean. Mr. Right got tired of hanging out and took a job with IBM in Chile."

"Some Mr. Right!"

"Where are the people out there like us? And could I fall in love with one of them? Even an affair's worth?"

"You mean good-looking, scintillating wit, right politics, no diseases?"

Kate stretched out her legs and slumped in the chair, looking at the ceiling. "The most wonderful people I know are my half dozen best friends. Of course I love them, but I don't 'love' them. You understand."

"You mean trying to think romantic toughts about me is like lying down on the rack of incest."

She looked at him. "I wasn't thinking of you in particular."

"Bob *inter alia*. That's sad, Kate. I like you better than anyone I meet when I go out alone."

Kate pulled her legs up under her and put her arms around them, resting her chin on her knees. "That's nice to hear you say that." Her wild blonde hair framed her pale face with its tangle like a flower broken loose from her robe.

"I mean it, goddammit. I think sometimes if I just had sex with you the taboo might evaporate. It'd be a risk, I guess, but . . . if we just let things take their natural course, don't you think?" Kate was silent. She stared at the carpet under Bob's feet. "It might come to nothing in the end and we'd still have our friendship." He moved forward to the edge of the couch where he sat opposite her. "Say something, Katherine, will you?"

"I'm thinking."

"It seems silly to me to assume we know everything in advance. We always make assumptions about relationships: this is friendship — that's romance. This is only physical — that will last forever. What does anyone know in the end?"

"It seems silly to me to assume we know everything in advance. We always make assumptions about relationships: this is friendship — that's romance. This is only physical — that will last forever. What does anyone know in the end?"

"Bob, stop." She spoke deliberately but with kindness, to push him gently away, but not so far as to attenuate the sure strong cord. "Please don't misconstrue this. I do love you a lot — I don't even want you to think I make that distinction with you that I made before about love for friends. My feeling for you is more than that."

"Then don't sound so decisive and final."

"I haven't said everything yet."

"It's in your tone. Like you've thought it through so completely that the conclusion colors even the beginning of what you have to say."

She feared his incomprehension so, that for the first time since she knew him she began to treat him like a child. She went and sat next to him on the couch and took his hand. "I did think this through, Bob. You're right. A long time ago, not long after I met you."

"See," he said, almost petulant. "You're not open to experience whatever might happen. You've categorized and labeled our relationship."

"No. I won't put my feeling for you in a specimen case and let it atrophy. The best friendships are dynamic and alive. Give me credit for knowing that much, please."

"But there are certain eventualities," he said, dropping her hand into her lap, "that you won't allow, correct?"

"There are certain eventualities that I don't *want*," she said. She got up and took a few quick steps toward the windows, untying, then re-tying the belt of her robe.

Bob stretched out on the couch. "That makes me feel swell," he moaned.

"It probably has little to do with you and a lot to do with me." She searched desperately for wit. "My parents disagreed over teabags."

"What?"

"My mother wanted to use teabags. My father insisted on the loose brew."

"Oh, I see: *chacun à son goût*."

"Not entirely."

"What then?" he asked, exasperated.

She knew she had better make it good or she might lose him. "If, as the Great Rabbi of Minsk said, 'Life is like a glass of tea,' then one source of life's inscrutable conflicts might arise from how one brews the tea. My point, dear, dear Bob, is there are some painful loggerheads in life, and they are not just matters of taste, that it's better not to try to analyze."

When she dared look over at him his eyes were closed. She waited awhile, then went back and sat in her chair. For some minutes he didn't move, so she went to her bedroom and got dressed. When she came back she addressed the same corpse, "You know, your coming over has made me feel much better. Why don't you call the office and tell them that you think you must be coming down with something so you won't be coming back today? We can go to the Petite Cerise for lunch."

He opened his eyes but didn't move a limb. "What if someone sees us there?"

"Oh, for God's sake," she bleated in great relief, "nobody from the school department eats there. They've got the *New York Review* in their magazine rack!"

He sat up. "I'll do it. Only promise me one thing before we go?"

"Shit. What? Please don't complicate things, Bobbie."

"Promise me that anything is possible."

"Damn!"

"Just say it . . . please."

"Anything is possible."

"Thanks."

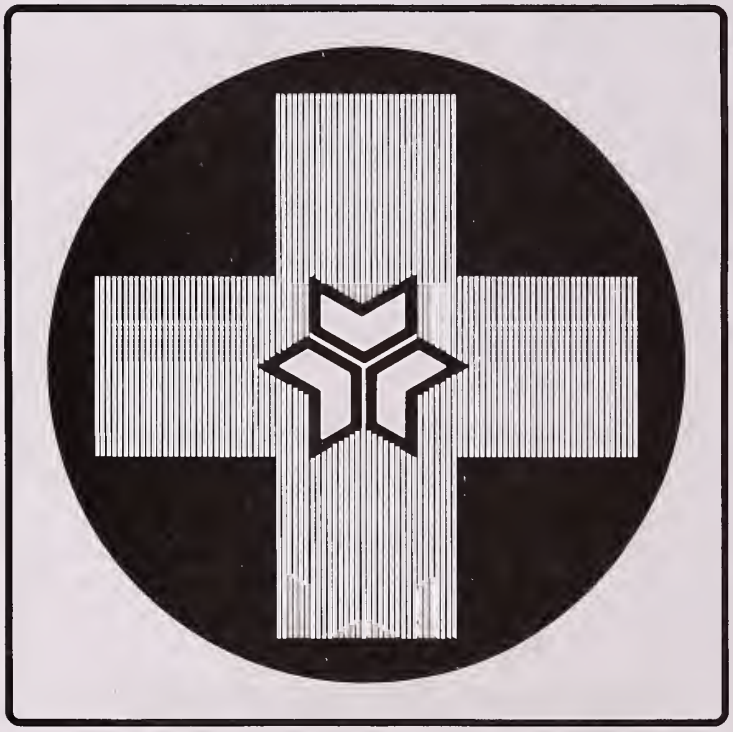
"It was nothing. Now call the office." He went to the telephone in the little pink foyer and lifted the receiver. "Tell them you think you must be catching what I had."

"That'll get them talking."

"Oh sure. You wish it."

IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH . . .

UNIVERSITY HEALTH SERVICE



Harbor Campus

Adm. Bldg., 2nd Fl.

David L. Stockton
Executive Director
929-7113

Ass't. to Exec. Dir.
Medical Services
Gynecology
Laboratory
Business Office
Info./App't. Desk
929-7111

Mental Health/Couns.
929-7170

Building 020

Health Promotion
929-7880
Emer. Care Training
929-7882

Downtown Campus

100 Arl. Street
Boston, MA 02116

Mezzanine Level

Medical Services
956-1017

Fourth Floor, Rm. 417

Counseling Service
956-1024

Huntington Campus

625 Huntington Ave.
Boston, MA 02115

Gym Bldg., Rm. 305

Medical Services
731-3300, ×369

The Returning Students Program will offer a "Preparation for College" workshop: June 1–30 on Wednesdays from 5 pm–7 pm and June 1–July 13 on Tuesdays from 10 am–12 pm. Call Shelly Bennett at 929-7315 to register.

Essay

How to Read a Book

Don McHugh

If you have motivation, you already possess half of what is needed to begin reading books. The only other thing you absolutely need is a book.

But first you must decide whether to start with fiction of non-fiction. I suggest you look inward for the answer. How real is your life? If it is all too real, let's say you're a cop or a dentist or a social worker, I strongly recommend starting with light fiction. If, on the other hand, your life is rather unreal, let's say you're an actor or a chiropractor or an anthropology teacher, you probably could use some heavy non-fiction. Reading should help balance you intellectually and emotionally.

The second step is to get your hands on one of those precious, leafy trees of information, knowledge and enjoyment, and literally pick its bountiful, nourishing fruit. You can buy a book or borrow one, or, if you're the handy type, write one yourself. (Writing your own book is an arduous and time consuming project, but when it's completed, even if you're too tired or senile to read it, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you did it yourself.) If you decide to borrow a book, borrow it from a friend. That way you avoid paying late-return penalties at a library. Besides, friends are usually more understanding about those embarrassing food and drool stains and torn pages. (Torn pages and drool marks are almost inevitable if your first book is extremely suspenseful or erotic.)

Next, you should have something with which to mark pages, since first time readers rarely finish in one sitting. This is known as a bookmark by adults and as a bookmarker by children. You might want to splurge in this area, since book stores sell some really stylish and artistic ones. Or, if you *are* one of those handy types, you might want to try making one yourself. Just take a pair of scissors or hedgeclippers and cut out a rectangular piece of cardboard, or, better still, asbestos, so that in case of a fire you will still know your place. (I have several that I use: a red 1″ by 6″ that I use for paperback fiction, a blue 7″ by 1½″ that I use for non-fiction paperback, a gold 8″ by 2″ for hard-cover fiction, and, for hard-cover non-fiction, an old popsicle stick that I stained dark pink.)

Now you have to choose a reading position. There are three that I recommend: sitting, lying down, and standing up. While the first two are more conventional and popular, I urge you to at least experiment with standing up. This position keeps you more alert, which increases reading speed and comprehension; it also decreases the chances that you will drool on a page.

The next consideration is light. During the day you can position yourself next to a window, but at night you will need a good lamp or flashlight. Make sure the lamp or flashlight lense is clean: dust it off before you begin. A dirty or dusty lamp or lens can cast distracting little shadows which can sometimes be easily mistaken for a period or a comma or even a whole word. This could actually change the content of the context, or even the context of the content. So be careful.

You are now ready to read. Pick up your book, grabbing the bound side with your left hand and the unbound with your right, and hold it about chest high. Your forearms should now be perpendicular to your torso. If you're a female who is quite well-endowed, you might want to actually rest your book on or between those big breasts. (If it is an extremely large hardbound volume you should wear a bra.) I recommend, however, that you only rest a book on your breasts when you are reading in private, as many people are still offended by public breast-reading.

Now, remaining as relaxed as possible, release your right hand and slide it behind the back cover. Then release your left hand, allowing your still closed book to rest in your now open right hand. It feels good, doesn't it! Now place your left thumb on the center of the unbound edge of the front cover and, applying moderate pressure, separate the cover from the first page. When there is about a ½″ to 1″ gap between the cover and page one, slip the tip of your pointer finger onto the exact opposite spot on the front of the cover. Squeeze. Once you've established a firm hold, rotate your left wrist and hand about 150°, or until the inside of the front cover and the front side of the still unopened first page are at angle of 140° to 180°. If the front cover casts a partial shadow on page one, you probably need to open the cover a full 180° angle to page one.

If you're feeling tired or uptight at this point, don't quit. Just take a couple of deep breaths, or place the book face down on a table and go have a glass of water or whatever. Now, look at page one. Do the letters and words look familiar or do they look foreign? If the latter is the case, you probably mistook the book's back cover for the front when you picked up the book, so that the pages are now upside down. Don't be discouraged: this happens even to sober and experienced readers, especially with those books that have the title and author's name on the bound side. Take another deep breath or drink or both and turn the book right side up by rotating it, either clockwise or counterclockwise, 180°. Look at the page now. You should be looking at legible English letters, words and sentences; if no, either you have been ripped off with a foreign language book, or you are illiterate and should consider some other hobby.

You are now ready to begin the actual reading. Focus your eyes on the first word at the top left hand corner of the first page. Once you have comprehended it, shift your focus to the second word by subtly moving your eyes slightly to your right or by subtly moving your book slightly to your left. Tfhe latter method is considered unsophisticated but it has the advantage of enabling you to exercise your body and your mind at the same time. Keep progressing left to right from word to word until you get to the last word — or punctuation mark — of the first line, at which time you will repeat the process you just completed on the first line on the second line and all succeeding lines. When you come to the last word of the last line on page one, just turn the page in the same way you opened the front cover, except you don't have to squeeze quite so hard. Be gentle — the first page is the one which is most frequently torn. Read page two and all the remaining pages of your book just as you did page one. Everything should start to click around page three.

One cautionary and closing remark: If after you've turned a page and begun reading the next, you sense that you've read it before, you've probably turned the page from left to right instead of from right to left. Be patient — it will come in time.

Good luck and happy reading!

The Cliff

Mary E. Ritchie

Somewhere in this moment, a young child is riding a beautiful white horse on a beach covered with sand. The sun is rising and the view becomes more clear. On the left, a tall cliff extending around the entire beach. On the right, the calm waves of the ocean. In back, nothing but footprints of the horse to be remembered. Looking ahead is not clearly visible, but in time will be. The colored sky begins to drop small beads of water. Together with the rain and refreshing breeze of the ocean, the child feels this purifying liquid and smiles. The child signals the horse to gallop, picking up speed every five feet or so. Now bolting down the wet beach, the child looks back and sees footprints of only a horse, but the young child was there. The child begins to cry, mixing rain with tears; the smile still remains. The sand begins to ascend slowly; the anxiety is overwhelming. Feeling courageous and strong, the child increases the horse's speed even more, yelling "faster, faster." The ascending stops abruptly and so do horse and child. The child stares down and sees a horrible sight, one which needs to be ignored for now. The horse and young child turn and backtrack their molded footprints and return to origin. . .

Somewhere in this moment, the young child is awakened by a crash of thunder and a bolt of lightning. The child jumps up and sees the glistening of water on the window. Without thought, runs out into the cold, foggy, wet night. The child runs to the edge of the land where the cliff waits. The winds are strong and fierce, sucking the child closer to the edge. The child strains to back up and an equilibrium is almost reached. Breath is going, mind is lost . . .

The young child awakes once again, but this time to white, soft walls and bright light. A person is standing, dressed in white, and bears a label; Dr. so and so, staff psychiatrist.

"Hello Johnny, your wife and children are here to see you."

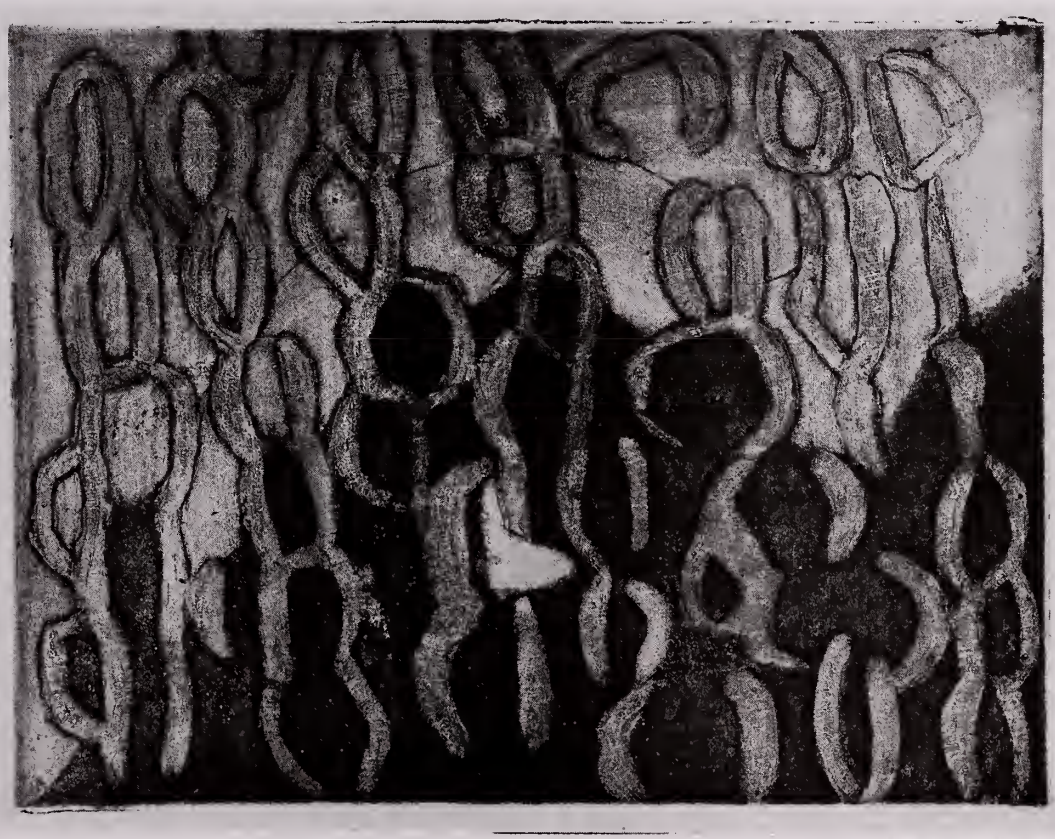
Jean Graham

Pictures from the Mojave

Matthew Becker

There's something about the Mojave Desert, something found away from densely populated areas, something elusive. Whatever it is, it certainly wasn't apparent to me on first acquaintance: as I stepped out of the plane at Palm Springs airport in May of 1976, my first impression of the Mojave Desert was of a heat so palpable it seemed to push me backwards. I took a quick breath, took the Lord's name in vain, and stopped (at the top of the metal staircase that had just been wheeled up to the plane) to look out over what seemed more a presence than a place. My eye was caught by a plume-shaped fountain just over and beyond the low, flat roof of the airport's terminal. Encircling the fountain was the airport's driveway, which, on the opposite side of the fountain, became a palm-lined boulevard that bisected the prone city and ended at the base of a sheer rock face that rose vertically from the desert floor for thousands of feet. That sheer face of grey rock seemed like an interior designer's finishing touch to set-off Palm Springs in the way a living room would be set-off by tastefully chosen drapes. The whole low-lying city was tinted golden brown by the early evening sun playing upon the pseudo-Spanish facades. The sunlight might have been contracted solely to enhance the sultry ambience — such was the impression. The effect of all this being a moneyed dream was accentuated by my observing later, while waiting by the fountain for a bus, the slow passing in review of carefully tanned body surfaces in silently cruising German-made convertibles. We just-out-of-boot-camp marines felt as culture-shocked as would a band of Buddhist monks, which, with our uniforms and shaved heads, we vaguely resembled. Palm Springs seemed then, and still seems, a place where wealthy people bring their wealth to wallow in it. That impression was later confirmed when I discovered, around the corner of Palm Springs' sheer rock backdrop, a sprawling town of shacks, chicken-wire, and dusty roads where the only tenants were maids, chauffeurs, and other attendants to the wealthy — the other side of a caste system. But all that money had bought, built, placed at the foot of that giant rock, and called "Palm Springs" was, even as I stepped out of the airplane, dwarfed by the surrounding and seemingly endless desert with its vaulting sky. Although Palm Springs initially caught my attention, it was eventually held by what lay beyond, what at first seemed so featureless, so empty.

As the sun made its exit from the movie set that is Palm Springs, the half dozen or so of us freshly-minted marines boarded a bus for the high desert. Palm Springs is in the low desert, but the Marine Corps' base at Twenty nine Palms is in the high desert, which entails driving up a mountain pass which rises a mile or so in not much more horizontal distance. But that night we saw little of the pass or any desert, high or low, just an occasional jackrabbit sprinting out from the bus's headlights and darting among the tumbleweeds into darkness. Late that night we arrived at the base and went through all the hassles of getting our identities checked, orders stamped, and sleeping places assigned. Around midnight we dragged our duffel bags along concrete floors and through cinder-block barracks after cinder-block barracks, down row after row of metal bunks in which other like us snored in the dark, until we in turn found and collapsed in our alloted places, oblivious.



Michelle Mercaldo

The next day we discovered that, like Palm Springs, the base was nestled at the foot of a rock, this one so crumbled, barren of any vegetation, and stark as to be lunar. The base was a huddle of cinder blocks, corrugated steel, and steel fences along which tumbleweed congregated on windward sides, bouncing and leaping at us from out of where sand met sky.

In the ensuing months we went through regimented training in electronic circuits, and then in various radars, a training to which we marched in platoons at dawn and from which we marched in platoons at dusk. On the weekends the rigorous training was suspended only to be replaced by ravenous competition in barracks chess marathons, enlisted-club drinking marathons, or other forms of bashing one's head against the wall. I used to run daily with an intense New Yorker named Denny Rydos. Our running was trance-inducing. The horizontal, tan plain of the desert floor was bisected by the road extending before us, seemingly endless. I jogged and walked sixteen miles out on that road once, and the distant bowler-hat-shaped mound of rock to which the road apparently led looked not a whit closer. But something about running toward it cleared the mind, and Denny was an entertaining masochist whose motto was, "If it doesn't hurt, it can't be fun," and so we got on through years of nose-to-the-grindstone competition. I became proficient enough at self-induced punishment to attain the rank of Sergeant, meritoriously.

I found myself calling to attention the platoons I used to be a member of, platoons of apprehensive-looking privates who would arrive, go through training, and depart to other bases, only to be replaced by others just as apprehensive looking. In the chill pre-dawn I would look above their heads at the rocks where, just before the sun appeared, there would be a few moments when a ghastly purple would come tumbling down off those barren slopes like one sustained minor chord, shrill and brassy. My insides felt like a clenched fist at these times, a clenched fist clutching a bunch of trembling guts. That's what "will" always meant to me, that is, that clutching, which, along with a lot of waiting, had placed me as a petty despot out there in the pre-dawn chill; but then, the privates and I had the same trembling guts. Although Twentynine Palms Marine Corps; base was stoical where-as Palm Springs was lavish, they both seemed monuments to that same clutching which I think of as both the pride and curse of "will," that grip that won't let up.

It was when I reached the point of self-disgust, over and over again for years, that the Mojave Desert took on the quality, for me, of strong medicine. I explored the slopes behind the base and discovered that on their other side were vantage points that imposed humility. I could see sixty-mile-distant ranges that, through the pristine air, seemed just a stroll through the tumble-weed-strewn valley away; ranges above which sixty-mile-further-distant ranges seemed only slightly less clear; and as far as the eye could survey the sculpting of a hand working slower, steadier, and infinitely grander than any hand of man. I could see why the chaplain had told me that the retreats of Jesus were through lands identical to these, lands where pride found no footing, where pride found no mirrors, places of true silence. So, I used to go over to the other side of that ridge to get my priorities straightened, because taking petty thoughts into that expanse of rocks, and sand, and sun, was like taking ice cream out there: some things couldn't stand the heat and wouldn't last the trip.

I tried to share what I thought of as the presence of the land with others. I brought a friend up there, placed him just so, and asked him to look out over it all. And then, through my friend's eyes, I'd see a lot of anxiety-inducing emptiness as far as the eye could see. While returning back over the ridge to the base, I'd look over my shoulder in amazement at how the land seemed so vacant. But perhaps some things can only be seen when they're longed for, or where they're looked for.

But one day I discovered that my vantage point had been, for quite some time, within the live-bombing range where the jet fighters trained — a chilling realization, for it meant that not only could I have been bombed into an eternity I wasn't, for all my penitent thoughts, prepared for, but it also meant one more expanse of the Mojave Desert had been censured from telling me something I needed to hear plenty of and often: something about the pettiness of the worlds we've created and the grandness of the worlds we haven't.

"Why I Would Rather Walk"

Stephen Coronella

Among my few genuine eccentricities, I have cultivated an almost fanatical devotion to walking. Like the mythical postman, who is said to discharge his duties in all manner of violent weather, I am not easily deterred from my appointed rounds. This determination to walk has earned me the status, even among friends, of a near-lunatic. My friends support the notion that the shortest distance between two points is a paved road, and so much the better if it is traversed in a warm, comfortable automobile. They have neither the leisure nor the purpose to embark upon a foot-propelled odyssey. Try as I might to educate them, I cannot adequately express the essence of sauntering, that is, just what it is that makes walking so undeniable to its devotees.

The most obvious attraction of walking, I find, is that it gets me out into the world. I am asked to acknowledge the simple fact that I am alive. I accomplish this by feeling the wind upon my body and the sun upon my face, by dodging ignorant motorists, and, yes, by repelling panhandling alcoholics. But I am far from misanthropic, for walking ushers me into the boundless arena of human activity — from the marginal rioting that is a subway rush hour to the fraternal closeness of neighbors shovelling out after the season's first snowfall. The day I give up walking, I shall just as well give up living.

Aside from this exhilarating affirmation of self, walking promises the adventurer another delight: its startling spontaneity, its offer of discovery around every corner. It is axiomatic, in the saunterer's realm, that no walk concludes as it was first conceived. Rigid agenda are reserved for those who are driven or dragged to their destination. The walker is transported, often to no destination at all. Fragrant spring blossoms, tardy noontime whistles, gritty billows of exhaust are all received through his senses,

heedless of schedule. The walker, above all, is open to change. As I have discovered countless times, the one road travelled at 8 a.m., wearing the hurried morning light, differs inestimably from that same road travelled in the calmer shades of dusk.

I find particular pleasure in mid-morning walks through quiet neighborhoods. By ten o'clock, after husbands have been dispatched and children sent to class, the streets have about them a healthy, serene glow. It's as if I have wandered onto sacred ground, whose sanctity is offended now and again by a scolding mother or a cursing motorist. During such walks, I like to fancy myself a Whitmanesque bard, passing among the people and chanting their simple, homespun ways. But the appearance of aluminum-siding contractors and ludicrous lawn ornaments soon belies that notion.

"And yet who has the time for such frivolity?" I can hear my inquisitors say. "Couldn't the same benefits be reaped from a regular jogging program?"

As for the comparative virtues of walking and running, it is clear where each road leads. The contrast is as definite as that between miser and spendthrift. The runner is consumed by his private quest, which is to gather both time and distance. His mind must be constantly attuned to the demands of his body. The walker, generously enough, concedes him his hoard, and watches as he vanishes out of sight. The walker does not lunge toward the earth, or grasp at the heavens. He has found his pace, and his peace.

It follows, then, that walking, unlike running, is a thinker's pastime, undisturbed by worldly quirks and irritations. I cannot imagine Thoreau or Emerson jogging around Walden Pond. Nor can I envision Professor Einstein puzzling out the universe during a ten-kilometer charge through downtown Berne. Even Aristotle himself, the dean of Western thinkers, seems to have hit the nail on the head when he enrolled his first class of Peripatetics nearly four centuries before Christ. Education has been at a standstill ever since.

In closing, I leave it to the aforesaid Henry Thoreau to suggest the quaint character of the walker:

> *I have met with but one or two persons . . . who understood the art of Walking, that is, of taking walks, — who had a genius, so to speak, for sauntering: which word is beautifully derived "from idle people who roved about the country, in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going à la Sainte Terre," to the Holy Land, till the children exclaimed, "There goes a Sainte-Terrer," a saunterer, a Holy Lander . . . Some, however, would derive the word from sans terre, without land or home, which, therefore, in the good sense, will mean, having no particular home, but equally at home everywhere. For this is the secret of successful sauntering.*

It seems an appropriate etymology.

Michelle Mercaldo

gifts for grads...

and family and friends

at the bookstore
open for commencement
may 22nd

Fiction

The World According to the World: Over the Rainbow There's Seldom Home

by Donald McCrary

I was fresh out of high school with no plans for the future and a great desire to forget the past. After graduating from an all-boys' high school, spending four years swearing, smoking cigarettes, punching guys in the arm and lusting after girls in my heart, I was ready for a change. Since I wasn't planning to go to college, my father suggested I seek another avenue of endeavor; except he put it a different way; "Boy, you better get yourself a job." This sounded like good advice to me so I bought a newspaper and went about the pleasant task of seeking gainful employment.

Finding an ad seeking a material handler for a large department store I immediately went downtown to inquire about the position. Secretly I always knew that my four years at Industrial Arts weren't spent in vain; after all, this job would certainly put to test my marvelous Boston public school education.

Well, I applied for the job, lying profusely on the application form, and a week later they hired me. I was ecstatic, I mean I was finally legit. For once I was going to be getting up at some ridiculous hour in the norning to do something that made some sense. I had a job — and jobs pay money. My future blossomed gloriously before me.

The first day at the store Mr. Taylor, from personnel, took me to the receiving room where I'd be working. Mr. Taylor introduced me to Joey Sardi, the lord of the receiving room. After the perfunctory greetings, Mr. Taylor left and Joey introduced me to the "wonderful guys" I would be working with.

My job mainly consisted of carting around appliances; or "white goods" as they are called in the trade. This would've been bad enough but I picked up bad vibes from Joey, while the other two guys could've been advance men for the Ku Klux Klan. It wouldn't have been so bad if they were openly racist; at least I would've known what they were all about, but these two guys were treacherous; they smiled at me all morning and then spent the rest of the afternoon trying to get a couple of stoves to fall on my head.

Their names were Tony and Brad; Tony was Tony Morelli, a Vietnam veteran who never went one day without infusing the word "gook" into at least one conversation. He looked at me as a darker skinned gook with rounded eyes and nappy hair. He was the kind of guy who, no matter how pleasant a conversation you had with him, you knew he called you an asshole as soon as you left the room.

I liked Tony a thousand time better than the other guy, Brad Whitehurst. Tony had some legitimate gripes with the world while Brad was a W.A.S.P. from an upper-middle-class family whose only gripe was that he was too stupid to take advantage of his favorable position in life. I think secretly Tony thought Brad was a gook too.

Every day in the receiving room I knew I'd be subjected to these moronic jibes from Tony and Brad and it was always the same old shit. They lacked imagination but not material.

"Hey David, did you see 'Sanford and Son' last night?" Tony would ask earnestly. "Boy those people really kill me. I almost die when he comes up with all those things to drink Ripple with, like champagne and Ripple — Champipple, ha, ha, ha."

Brad would amble up beside me and in his most sincere, childish voice, say, "Do you drink Ripple David? Like isn't it supposed to be black people's favorite drink?"

Then Tony would add, "I don't know, when I was in the service black guys used to talk a lot about Thunderbird but you know how tastes change."

"Well what do you think David?" Brad would ask with feigned interest. "Is it Ripple or Thunderbird?"

I wanted to kick them both in the balls but they were only asking me

Steve Darmetco

questions and they did it in such a way that all they exhibited was an ignorance about the drinking habits of the American Negro. I would bite my tongue and say very tersely, "Blacks have no uniform favorite drink, like most people we enjoy a variety of tastes. Would you please excuse me?" I would go to the men's room or any other place that would get me away from those two morons and sit quietly trying to calm down. I was getting more than tired of the situation but there seemed to be no relief in sight. I was the only black person who worked full-time in the store. The store was full of racial tension, there was even a federal suit pending trying to force them to hire more minorities. I could've use a couple of two-hundred-fifty pound bloods working in the receiving room with me, I'll tell you that.

I was going through a tough time and I had nobody to talk to about it. I tried talking to my parents, but they had come from the South during the early fifties and thought a high school diploma and a job were the stairways to heaven. They couldn't exactly relate to my experience.

I approached my father one day after supper when he was in his room watching television. His bedroom had begun to be his retreat from the world's problems. The family usually didn't bother him in his bedroom but this was important. I was in trouble and I needed some fatherly advice. My father was lying on his bed watching some comedy program. He always laughed out loud at shows on television but I can't remember the last time he was genuinely happy. I sat down about a foot from his head and waited for a commercial to come on before saying timidly, "Dad, I'm really having trouble at work, those two white guys won't leave me alone."

He scrunched up his eyes and turned abruptly towards me saying hurriedly, "Well do they put their hands on you?"

"No, not exactly, but when we lift stuff they do it real fast and one day I could get seriously hurt."

"Why don't you tell the boss?" he asked quizzically, obviously failing to see what the hell my problem was in the first place.

"Well sir," I said with an uncomfortable hesitation, noticing a tension building in the room. "I don't think he likes me too much either, and if I tell on them it'll probably just make things worse."

"Can't you ask for a transfer?" he asked, moving one of his dark, muscular hands through his partially wavy hair. He frowned sadly at me.

"I've tried, Dad, but they say there's no place to send me and that I really don't have any solid grounds for a transfer."

"Well damnit David," he said impatiently, "As long as they're not hitting you, what do you care what they say? If you're going to make it out there you got to be tough and not give in to other folks' bullshit, especially not white folks' bullshit."

"Yeah, Dad, you're right," I murmured weakly. "I'll do that." I didn't think he was right but he had gotten to me with that toughness jive. I was always desperately trying to prove to my father I was a man and I thought this was one more way to do it. I thanked him and left the room but I knew I still needed help if I was going to survive the working world. I had nowhere to turn.

Steve Darmetco

Things at the job became increasingly bad. They just didn't want a black guy working there, particularly not an intelligent black guy; and compared to most of them I was a Ph.D. I was hanging in there like a real trooper even though Brad and Tony outweighed me by a good eighty pounds.

One day everything came to a head in the employee cafeteria. Brad was sitting on a couch across from the table where I was attempting to eat my lunch. He nudged Tony who was sitting beside him and said, "Hey, David's really tearing into that sandwich. He must be really hungry."

Tony replied in his usual phony-sincere manner, "Well c'mon, he's a growin kid, you know? You were probably the same way when you were his age."

"Yeah, I had a healthy appetite but he's acting like he never saw food before."

"Maybe he's hungry," Tony said, his eyes wide with innocence.

"Hungry yes," Brad said loudly, like I wasn't even in the room, "But that's fuckin' ridiculous. Look at the way that food's dripping off his chin. Isn't it making you sick?"

"Hey, hey, keep me out of it," Tony replied in mild warning. "I don't care how the hell he eats."

"Well I care. I don't want to sit here and have to watch him eat like a fuckin' slob."

"Then don't fuckin' watch me," I yelled at him. I was shaking with anger. I was eating the way I always ate. Brad just liked divising new ways to destroy my brain. Brad looked at me like I was a luntic and said in feigned outrage, "Hey, don't you see there's women in here? You shouldn't be shouting that type of language. I can't help it if you have lousy table manners."

"Hey man," I warned, feeling my face flushing. "Leave me the fuck alone."

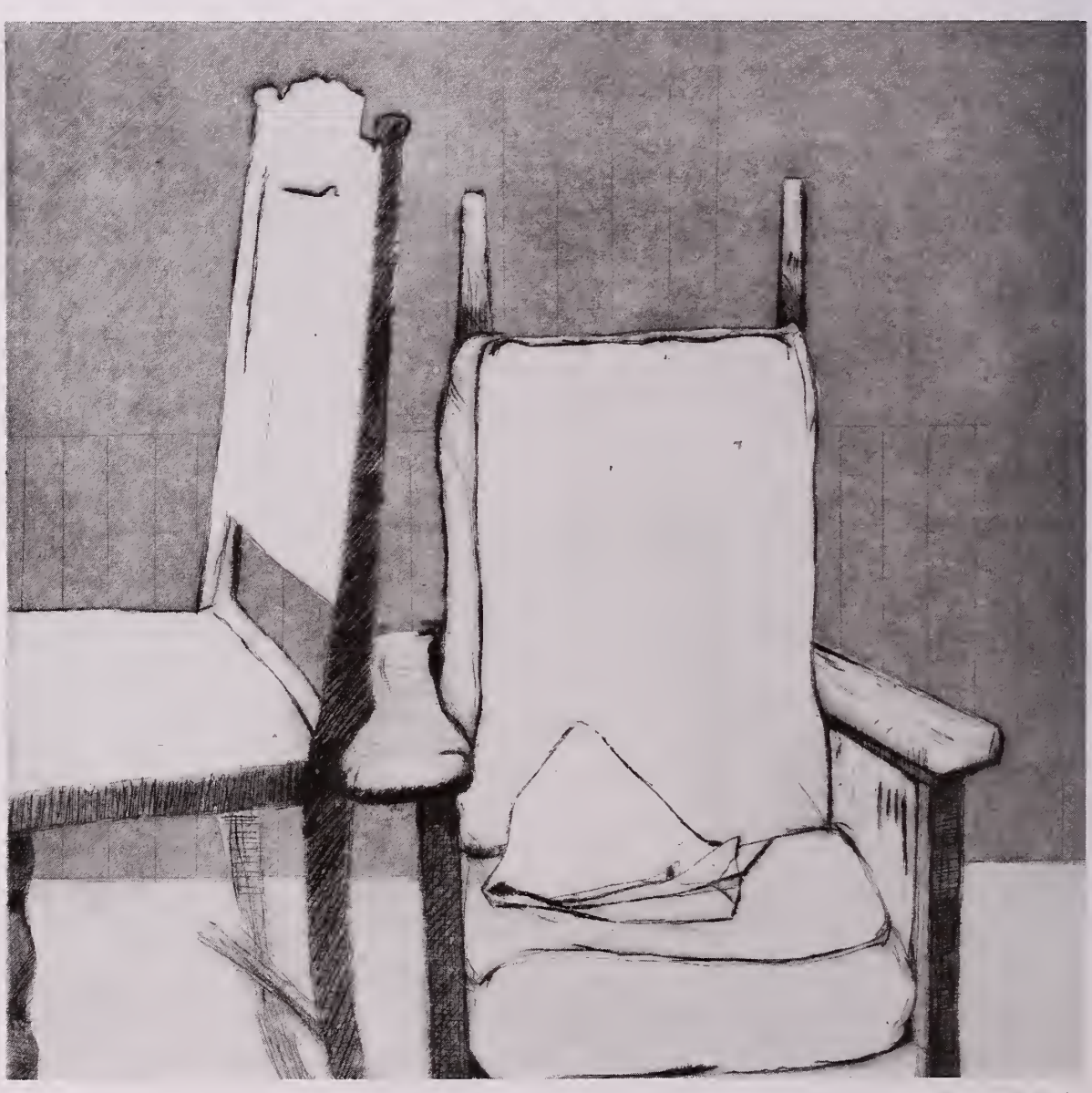
"Threats huh? Gee, you must

really have a violent nature, but I guess that isn't your fault. You probably come by it naturally."

I made a move for him. I jumped from the table and Brad jumped from the couch. We pressed our chests together and I yelled in his face, "You racist son of a bitch. I'll beat the shit out of you."

The madder I got the calmer he got. "Gee David," he said placidly, "Get a hold of yourself."

I wanted to hit him for a variety of reasons: he was embarrassing me, he was harrassing me, I hated his guts. I didn't hit him for two pretty good reasons: he'd have probably beat the shit out of me and they'd have fired me on the spot. What I did do was yell "Kiss my ass, you asshole motherfucker!" Then I stormed out of the lunchroom. I went back to the receiving room and told Joey I was sick. He sent me to the nurse. I told her I had severe stomach cramps and a vicious headache. She looked at me doubtfully and then sent me home. I stayed at home for three days and when I came back to work I quit. No notice, no nothing, I just quit. When you're only talking to yourself, you ain't always too rational. I finally told my parents and they were real disappointed in me, telling me about the importance of a job and all that shit. I listened with deaf ears. That night in bed as I was thinking about the jobs I'd have to look for in the morning I fell into a hard, disturbed sleep. My fists were clenched very tightly.



Michelle Mercaldo

The Interview

Brian Riley

The three ladies climbed off the bus in single file. The first one down didn't bother to wait for the others but walked straight to the concrete bench by the brick building and sat down. She took off her right shoe and started rubbing her foot. She stretched out her right leg as best she could along the cement slab and, turning part way around, looked to see what was keeping her friends. They were coming. It hadn't been a very long day so far; in fact, it had just started, but she was wearing her Church shoes, and they didn't fit.

"Will you hurry up, Emily?" the woman with the feathered hat said. "No wonder you're unemployed."

The two women passed the bench without stopping. They hadn't wanted Emily to come along in the first place and after the long bus ride were more than fed up with her.

"Will you two wait?" Emily shouted. "I'm having trouble with these shoes."

"All right, Emily," Mary said. "Calm down, we're waiting."

"That's about all we're doin'," Dorothy added.

Mary used the time to comb her hair. She took a small mirror out of her pocketbook and moved it around to find the best light. Emily stuffed her foot back in her shoe and hobbled down the pavement to where the others stood waiting.

The trio entered the lobby together, letting a warm breeze in. There were two elderly men seated on vinyl waiting room chairs. They looked up in unison and then back down to their magazines.

Emily shivered. The air inside was air-conditioned cold after the hot street. The windows on the bus had been stuck closed, and she had sweated the whole way across town. Now she could feel the cold perspiration on her back. She noticed the receptionist's desk at the far end of the lobby and started toward it.

"Where you goin'?" Dorothy asked.

"I'm gonna ask where the personnel office is."

"I already know where that's at, you damn fool."

Emily looked hurt as she followed the others to the elevator.

"Don't you know enough not to talk to no receptionist?" Dorothy sneered as soon as the door snapped shut.

"And just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean you gotta look like you know where you're goin' in a place like this or they'll give you one hell of a runaround."

"You mean you don't know where that office is?"

"Hell, I've found harder things than that before, honey. What did you wanna do? Sit in that lobby and play with your shoes all day?"

Emily was too tired all of a sudden to aruge. She shifted the weight off her right foot and leaned against the wall.

On the second floor an orderly wheeled on an old woman. She was drooling on her white bathrobe. Emily could smell the disinfectant in the air and remembered for the first time that she hated nursing homes. "What am I doing here?" she thought to herself. She tried to catch her niece's eye, but Mary was watching the dial above the door. The old woman's leg brushed against Emily's as she was wheeled out of the elevator. Emily cringed. She watched her disappear down the hall until the door shut.

"Listen," she muttered under her breath. "I can't go through with this. I'm starting to feel tired."

"Come on, Emily," Mary said. "We just got here."

Dorothy put her hand on Emily's shoulder. "Maybe if you get the job they'll let you move in here. You're gettin' too old to walk the streets and you can't stay at Mary's forever, you know."

The door slid open on the fourth floor. Emily followed the others down the hall until Dorothy paused by a chart on the wall.

"Nope, this ain't the floor," she said mostly to herself. "We'll have to try the next one."

"I knew it," Emily sighed. "Instead of waiting in a nice clean lobby and doing things the right way, you're gonna have us wanderin' around for . . ."

"Oh be quiet," Mary said. "Stop talking and help us find the place."

Emily stopped by an old woman in the hallway sitting in a chair. "Excuse me," she said. "Do you know where I can find the personnel office?"

"I mean you gotta look like you know where you're goin' in a place like this or they'll give you one hell of a runaround."

The woman looked up at her slowly. "Can you help me?" she asked in a low voice. "My children, they don't know where I am. They can't find me. Would you let them know that I'm here?" she reached out a hand, and Emily backed away.

"Hurry up, Emily," Dorothy shouted from the elevator door. "I can't hold this thing forever." Emily was shaking when she got inside. "What were you doin' talking to that woman? Don't you know these people are half-senile?"

"Maybe they're just lonely," Emily said.

"Yeah? Well, maybe you should get yourself a room here and keep 'em company. I think you're half-senile yourself."

"Knock it off, Dorothy," Mary said, pulling her mirror out of her pocketbook. "Do I look all right?"

The elevator came to an abrupt halt on the fifth floor. When the door opened they could see the sign as plain as day; "Personnel Office," it read in large clean letters.

"What the hell did they put this place on the fifth floor for?" Emily asked in a shrill voice. "What if there was a fire and we had to take the stairs?"

"Oh shut up, Emily, for God's

sake. I swear you ask the most ridiculous questions I ever heard."

"Now don't you talk to me like that Dorothy Jones. I'm still older than you and I've just about had it with . . ."

"Can I help you?" a woman's voice interrupted.

"Yes, dear, Dorothy said. "We have an appointment to see someone about a job."

The woman peered from behind her glasses. "All three of you?" she inquired.

"Yes, that's right, dear."

"Well, I'm afraid there must be some mistake. You see there are no scheduled appointments for today."

"What?" Dorothy said. "Do you mean we came all the way down here for nothing? Listen, the lady on the phone told me just yesterday to come right down to the personnel office this morning."

"What jobs were you applying for?" the woman asked.

"We're here for the cafeteria help you're looking for."

"O.K. fine," the woman said. "Just have a seat over there, and I'll see if I can get someone to talk with you."

The three ladies sat down on a small couch and leafed through a pile of magazines. Mary selected *Sports Illustrated* and smiled at the photos of basketball players. Emily looked through *House And Garden*. She frowned at the beautiful houses of the rich, one at a time, and shook her head. She knew she couln't stay at her niece's house forever. But where could she go? "Maybe Dorothy is right," she thought to herself. Dorothy kept her eye on the woman behind the desk and watched her make a phone call. When she was done she got up and walked over to the couch.

"Excuse me, ladies," she said. "If you walk straight down this hall and then take your first left, you'll find the cafeteria. Mrs. Reynolds will meet you there in a few minutes, and you can get some coffee if you like."

"All right, thank you, dear," Dorothy said.

Mrs. Reynolds entered the cafeteria through a different door than the ladies had expected her to. But they knew her right away and she knew them. She pretended not to though, at first, and went behind the counter for a few minutes. When she came back she was carrying some paper in her hands. "Hello," she said upon reaching the table, "I'm Mrs. Reynolds."

"Hello," Dorothy said. The other two nodded their heads and smiled.

"If you could just fill out these applications, I'll be right back to talk with you." She dispensed the pieces of paper, adjusted her hair net, and disappeared behind the counter again.

"Christ almighty," Emily said. "Do I gotta fill this whole damn thing out? I'll be here all day." She wanted to take her shoes off but thought she'd better not, under the circumstances.

After a while Mrs. Reynolds returned. "All right then," she said, chewing on some gum. "Let me see," She took the applications and looked them over one by one. "O.K. now, Dorothy, Emily, and Mary, I'm afraid I'll need a little more information from you. Have any of you had any vending experience?"

The three ladies looked at each other for a moment and then back to Mrs. Reynolds.

"Well, Emily, have you had any vending experience?" she asked.

"No," Emily said.

"O.K. fine." She produced a notebook from somewhere underneatht the table and started writing in it. "No vending experience," she said outloud.

"Well then, Emily, your last job was in 1975?"

"Yes, that's right," Emily said. "That was my last real job, you know, with taxes and everything."

"I see," Mrs. Reynolds said and wrote something down.

"You were working in a factory, is that right?"

"Yes," Emily said.

"Do you remember you supervisor's name?"

"My supervisor?" Emily asked, a shrillness coming back in her voice. "No, I don't remember his name. Mary?" she asked turning around. "Do you remember my supervisor's name?"

"No, Emily," she answered coldly. "How do you expect me to know something like that?"

"O.K.," Mrs. Reynolds said. "Now Mary, do you have any vending experience?"

"No," May replied. "I don't even know what that is."

"Yeah, what is that anyway?" Dorothy wanted to know.

"Vending experience," Mrs. Reynolds answered, "is having a working knowledge of vending machines."

"A working knowledge of vendin' machines?" Dorothy repeated.

"Yes, exactly," Mrs. Reynolds replied.

"I still don't know what you're gettin' at."

"That's too bad, because it's essential to the job." She pointed across the room to a row of machines. There were four of them with a microwave oven attached on the far right side. "Those are vending machines," she said flatly. "One of the main requirements of the job you are applying for is to make sure that those machines are full of products at all times."

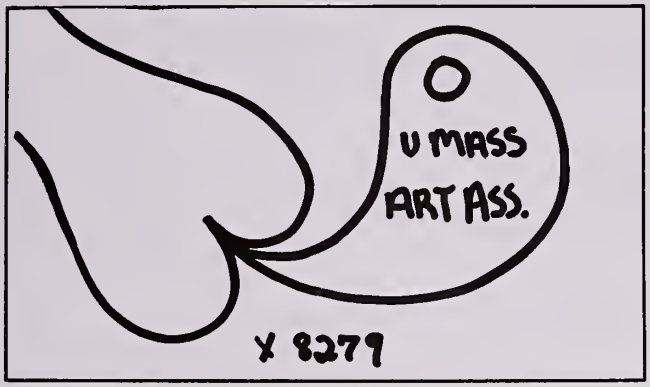
Dorothy looked Mrs. Reynolds in the eye. "Uh huh," she said. "Is that it? Well, that don't sound very hard to me. You mean you been goin' on about vendin' experience for the past ten minutes and that's it?"

"Hank!" Emily squaled. "My supervisor's name was Hank. Now I remember."

"Shut up, Emily, for God's sake," Dorothy said.

Mrs. Reynolds stood up from her chair. "Well," she said. "That ought to be enough. Thank you for your time. We'll be contacting those candidates who seem suited for the position sometime next week." She left the table and disappeared behind the counter for the last time.

"Well, that was easy enough," Emily said.



UMB Child Care Center
×7290

080/4/005 x7739

For a good time
call
UMass Lesbian & Gay Center

Poetry

One Hundred and 12th Street — 1945

One block from Riverside
One block from kids' swings by the Hudson
From guys who rape girls before work in the morning
The corner of Broadway and One hundred and 12th Street.

This is a good neighborhood
A fine place to live.

Dead-ended off Broadway stands a rose mullioned window
Cardinal-blessed, drab city cathedral
April of 1945, when everything is dull
You should view it from inside when the morning sun —
The colors that light the rose window

Hallelujah!

One One hundred and 12th, we are alive.
We are the New Yorkers.
This is a neighborhood.
At Phil's Persian Room, there sit the neighbors
Jeanie Carlin from Framingham, Mass., who will die 2 years later
in an automobile.
Jeanie with Bud, the neighborhood veteran.
Jeanie whose husband is still overseas, so she does war work with Bud.
Good work. She works hard. Mostly at night.
Good Jeanie. Good Bud. Good war.

Good husband?

There sit Peg and Redge.
She has a black eye.
Some nights they are together
Other nights she's home with the kids.
But here's Redge, Canadian Air Force ace, alone.
Alone ----------?
How is it to be a lonely hero on One hundred and 12th street?

In 1945, Redge is loved.

The apartment is crowded.
The 6th floor apartment at One hundred and 12th street.
There lives Maria. She is fifty, with orange hair.
Her young husband is gay.
In the 6th floor apartment at One hundred and 12th street, Maria rents rooms to families.
One room each to 8 families.
A big room with a parquetry floor. A community kitchen. Two bathrooms for 21 people.
Just wait. Maria will be rich.
As long as the Travelers' Aid sends her tenants, she will be rich.

You wait and see.

There are the Ramirezes.
They are puertoriqueñans.
They are brilliant
They earn advanced degrees at Columbia two blocks north.
They eat garbanzos and chicken and tomatoes and rice. Every night.

They are puertoriqueñans.

There is Bea.
She piles high in the corner her children's clothes
Unwashed, the clothing waits
Bea sews. Days, nights
except when she is with the bands
She sews new clothing for her children.
She would rather sew than wash.
Then the bands come.
There is a little man from the bands in the kitchen with Bea in the morning

He works with Woody Herman.
Bea loves Woody Herman.

Bea loves the little man.

Irene the captain's wife lives in the master bedroom.
Her soft voice floats on the scent of flowers.
She married a big man.
On R & R her husband takes up most of the double bed.
She used to be married to a sergeant.

When the sergeant gets leave in New York, there is more room in the bed.

The neighborhood supermarket sells pounds of U.S. Army surplus butter at $1.00 each shiny gold can.
It is 1945. Buy the butter.

What other bargain can you find on One hundred and 12th Street?

Margarita Stearns

(The Boston Herald American: 3/9/83)
WOMAN RAPED ON POOLTABLE AS CROWD CHEERS

is the headline that assaults me
over breakfast.
My daughter is struck
silent
by the hot tears
spilling from my eyes.

it's a sport, I explain,
we're the game.
And the prize.

AND IT'S ENOUGH
to rob a woman of all trust —
even of those she loves.

Like a patient, drugged,
shaved, electro-shocked and urged
to behave,
an angry woman still dreams
of vengeance. It's easy
when I have so little
left to lose:

not my body, which,
like a pool cue,
is considered common property,
and with each new
same old story,

I lose my mind.

Julia Robbins

FLOWERS

Flowers I bring you
Tulip and Jonquille
you pluck the petals
the center is bare

You tear the center
turning and leaving
dew on the tulips
dew on the tare

Stephanie Goldstein

Rebecca Sacks

AUGUSTUS

I passed a Roman soldier in the street tonight
He wore a 44 on his hip
He said, "Render unto Caesar"
But I knew that he meant the President

I met a woman at Harvard Yard
She handed me some news
She said, "We've gotta fight those bastards"
And I asked if she'd use her silver spoon

I heard a choir of angels
Through an open subway door
A stranger said, "I love those ancient songs of liberation"
While the voices sang
"El Salvador"

And the angels cried, "Lay down your arms"
But mine are full and bent
I'm just trying to carry the groceries
I'm just trying to pay the rent

I passed a Roman soldier in the street tonight
He wore a 44 on his hip
He said, "Render unto Caesar"
And I knew what he meant

But there's nothing left for Augustus
When you return what heaven sent

Brian Riley

MYSELF

Lines rest,
surface only when
I am afraid they don't exist.
Internal streams
make rivers where I am deep.
Surging underneath,
flesh cradling lines
allows them their course.
I am as powerful as
my lines. Lines
tell me my
pale dark dreams.

Alex Trefonides

DIVORCES BURNING

I

Aunt Terry arrives.
Aunt Connie will drive from Augusta.
And now since her stroke, Aunt Tony is
helped to her seat.
My eyes meet Nana
she waits
for the road to clear of cars
that appear from nowhere and
zoom to who-knows-where.

II

A fresh lit match childishly handled
burns brave fingers.
The campfire coal seems wise
on a cold night.

III

All tongues set
blazing. Their husbands
hung
not in effigy's firey warning
but done with
bitter,
heart-heat rope that has
tightened too
late.
Consuming their own
hands while they try to choke.

IV

Passing fingers along
Splintered gutted houses
Ignites
Furious pain. Reliving
Writing lessons of
Assuming anothers name.

Wendy Barrett

JAR OF MUD

That glossy black and white
photograph with its thin
jagged border, as if cut
with pinking shears —
snapped in 1954.
Cousin Grace was visiting
with her new Brownie — black
and boxy as all things in the Fifties were
like cars and suits and carpet sweepers
but it was plastic
and had a braided black
gimp handstrap — a sporty camera
as Grace was sporty in her forest
green blazer with tan patches
at the elbows.

I stand in the corner
of our third floor back porch
where the railings meet and shadows
off the ballusters cut across my legs
and the peeling gray floorboards.
In a bulky plaid coat, belted
with a metal buckle like a Chinese
puzzle, my cotton candy hair
translucent in the sun, I hold
in my smooth eight-year-old hands
a jar of mud with a white screw cap.

I rejoice at being photographed
alone — no little friend,
no parent posing, no sister
with her arm around my shoulder,
but still insist I have a prop
for the occasion: the stubby
herring jar, emptied of its brine,
filled with Cambridge mud
from the back yard
where ashes have been scattered
near the path to the garbage pail
sunk in cement in the farthest corner.

Arthur Lipkin

CEMETERIES

The headstones are so close
I have to turn
sideways to get between them
to your grave or Great-aunt
Rose's or Uncle Murray's.
This American version,
vandalized by Chelsea hoods
who tip a stone or smear
a swastika, is better
than the tiny European plots
like Prague's Jewish Graveyard — the soil
mounded over old graves
for the new dead: the little hills
are crowded with tombstones
like slab mushrooms
etched with rotting Hebrew script.

Here in Everett, Grandma,
we've done well with grass
and little plantings.
Still there's no room for a tree.
In the Christian cemetery
across the street, beeches
and maples show me
people set to rest,
while here
each synagogue's constituents are contained
by seven feet of chain-link —
A whole veldt of Jewish burial
set off from gravel pits and salvage yards
by a narrow strip of tall brown grass
and featherduster reeds.

Arthur Lipkin

LOCKED WARD

Progress Notes
On your life
Include:
Your behavior
Before, during, and after
Your treatment
With electroshock therapy

The Law
Demands
That every Thing you eat or drink
Or puke or shit and piss
Be charted
on an I & O Chart
Which stands for
Input and Output
. . . It's Medically Necessary

The Rules
Require
That there be
No sex, masturbation, or physical contact
Of any sort
Between you
And other patients
(Including yourSelf)
. . . It's Therapeutic

Luigi Palmeri

WAITING FOR THE KING

Up on Radar Hill
sits the Southeastern Ohio State Hospital.
Every night in the mess hall
I serve the committed
  Breaded Fishsticks
  Stewed Tomatoes and
  Creamed Corn
from large metal vats.
They do not use knives.
They get plenty of milk
and there at the end of the tray line
is the nurse with the little capsules.
"You won't get your milk until you take your medication,"
she says to Erica who is scowling
and playing with the food.

Out in the grass courtyard the sun reveals
the empty wooden benches
by the exercise field
and a white volley ball by a net.
There are bodies all over the ground
flopped here and there in every odd position.
There is a man with a railroad cap
standing among them
pulling rats out of his buttonholes.
"All they do is sleep," he says,
"Sleep all day in the sun."

A fat man with a shaved head
comes up to me to get some fish.
He pulls on my beard and says,
"Lord, will you bless my food?"
And I bless it for him
with a sweeping sign of the cross
"Go in peace," I say in jest.
"Thank you, Lord. The Lord has spoken,"
he tells his friends.
They form a line by the nurse
who puts the tablets on their tongues
and they lumber out the door
all thumbs and elbows
hands numb and sweating
down to the soft grass
where the crickets whisper
to lie down on the ground once more.

R. FitzGerald

VIOLIN SPIDERS
(after E.L. Doctorow's The Book of Daniel)

Violin Spiders;
their music crawling,
spinning a fine
mesh
web of confusion.
Spewing a trail
of sticky
misinterpretation.

Daniel watches too
closely,
fry daddy, mommy.
Susan Starfish rocks
under
water — toilet bowl
of veins refusing
coagulation.

Wounds too
deep,
they'll never heal.
Flush them clean —
the stain remains.
Can a spider be
guilty? So
easy to destroy.

Why bother
groveling
bugs —
watch them under
glass.
See them sputter,
dance.
Collect them.

In lieu of pins
fry them.
They outgrew
their cigar
box.
History repeats itself,
what is always
was.

Burn the draft
card, burn the boy.
Women burn for their
crime of gender,
no card needed,
no card allowed,
collective crime.

Let's go to
Disneyland, Mindish.
Let's go to
California, Wally.
Fantasy world,
cut your hair or
don't
come in.

Yiddish prayers
pay to pray,
blood money to save
their souls.
Save your own, it's
tormented — fix it
if
you can.

Mabeth L. Porenta

Michelle Mercaldo

SHORT SLEEVES IN A BAR

A man
was wearing
red
short sleeves
and
brown
short pants
in a bar.
Another man wasn't.
He
put
his
cigarette
out
on
the
first
man's
leg.
The first man
turned red
and around
and while the
second baseman
made the play,
tagging and pivotting
releasing the
main piece of action
towards the logical
corresponding
point in play
relating to the fundamental
aspects of the relativity
of men and balls and sticks,
the man in brown pants
with a small red spot
below the hemline
above the knee
went into action
and swung a fist.

corresponding
point in play
relating to the fundamental
aspects of the relativity
of men and balls and sticks,
the man in brown pants
with a small red spot
below the hemline
above the knee
went into action
and swung a fist.

Anonymous

TIGER BALM

Like the tide that comes ashore
this magic moment took place

An airplane ride
A mysterious glance
Standing in the customs line
A Cross pen

Princess Towers Hotel
El Casino & slot machine #451
Xanadu Beach and a midnight swim

The International Bazaar
Bahamian villages and straw markets
Paco Rabanne
Afternoon delight

Freeport Inn & Tiger balm
A tennis game and
sweatty kisses
Xanadu Beach in the rain and
gazing into green-gray eyes
A steamy bathroom mirror
Sipping Piña Coladas and sharing
lustful stares
Erotic dancing
Xanadu Beach with moonlit waters

Early morning aphrodisia
Father's Day breakfast
Xanadu Beach drenched with golden
rays
A seashell washed gently ashore
Sun-tanned bodies and catamarans
Ocean water ecstasy

Like the tide that returns to sea
this magic moment disappears

Judy Lee

ACORN STREET

Acorn street in the summertime
A window of light in a child's mind
When I couldn't find some friend of mine

Acorn street is my childhood
More than any bad or good
Blue and gray in dull command
Changed like clay in a child's hand

Acorn street in the summertime
But summers gone and I've lost the rime
And I can't find the mooring line
And I can't find
Acorn street

Brian Riley

THE DIVER

With leaden sky overhead, he bobs on the waves,
his yellow bill, white neck and belly stack against
a green-black sea.
The loon dives again,
his gray-black body disappearing for a time.
He reappears with another silver, wiggling fish
and quickly swallows it
before a clean, white seagull
can steal it from his grasp.

Gary Puddister

painted flesh

arms strung taunt with potential advance
i dare you to stir one muscle comecloserco menocloser
back against tree clutching the grooves of corduroy bark
i retreat i have it all
you spring from another life near fire
like some frozen anomaly liberated from a dying iceberg
your eyes alert for every moving footprint left breathing
one breath in the cool cool pine needles just lay down and die
your nostrils flare sucking filtering air for the scent of me
just now — in among the trees — i smell my odor
as pine as acidic as the earth beneath bleeding feet
light shoots down, magnified heat drilling my pores
sweat and burns mark my body as alien
i can taste your silent steps, your stop, the controlled
movement of instinct
discerning my nebula of smell
the fear weakening my every very human response
if i survive you, if i succumb to you
some scream will be left jaggered
cut caught in my throat
cut red bleeding lines
exposed muscle
the sun goes down trickles red
you fall among the litter of the forest floor

Allison Hurley

anarchronism

you walk away downhalls flushed in the high cheeks
laughing in a body conscious way descend the
stairs from me and i cannot watch you go "just go"
i never watch you go

the taste of weak coffee leaves a bitterness
in the way back of my throat and the sweet
taste of tobacco toughens my lips

we survivors
of the dark closet where fantasy intellect
and desire simmer under the guise
of blue smoke and dry heat.

A. Hurley

THE FIRST CROCUS

White with black
Slashes
Painted up the sides.

Primeval need
Cracks
The surrounding earth.

Harsh sun
Pierces
To the root.

Spring's cry
Rends
The Winter stillness.

Nicholas T. Lasoff

CATS

feed twice once in the morning once in pm.
One can between them both times.
You don't have to deal w/ cat box.
Cats like to go out on the fire escape
in the bedroom so you can open the
window if it's not too cold.
Cats are not allowed in my room
—they eat my plants.
Cat food is in corner cabinet.
Turntable must be turned on and off. and pre-amp.

Allison Hurley

UNTITLED

A greenish plant
hangs a window
glistening of morning light

A star above,
translucent,
corrects
to whitish blue irridescence

A white sweater
lies below
folded
reflecting softly
its stains exposed

Philip Glaser

LITTLE PRECIOUS

We have too many
long hours
and not enough to say.
We should have a child

with the delicate face
of a clock.
A sleek, expensive timepiece,
not the criminal-in-diapers
that you find in every stroller
in Central Park.

We'll dress him in Italian
shoes
and his yellow curls
will fall forward, breaking
hearts.

Oh, he'll keep us together
forever, baby.
We'll show him around
like an ermine coat,
like a scarf made of beautiful jewels,
wrapped around our throats,
tightly.

Julia Robbins

Renee Scott Kildow

Lies of the Photographers

this is truly the country where colour was born
how green the hills, how golden the corn
how red the rivers of Zacapa?
a marvellous plus is the fact
that each guest has his(sic) own roomboy
who serves the meals lights the fireplace
charming lounge and cozy bar

looking at your "tour here" pamphlets
looking at your "tour here" pamphlets

dollar for dollar today's biggest vacation value
the guerilla army of the poor has warned tourists
and civilians
to stay at least 300 feet from government military
vehicles as each is a likely target in the growing people's
war Guatemala spectacular geography magnificent
climate and the rebel armed forces occupied the Mayan
archaeological site at Tikal meeting with tourists
and employees, destroying two hotels and the offices of
the Guatemalan Aviateca Airlines whose associates
implicitly state that they are not liable or responsible
for any loss, injury or damage to person, property or
otherwise from any acts of God(sic), acts of governments
or other authorities dejure or defacto
wars, whether declared or not
hostilities civil disturbances strikes riots then say
there's a Central America that most tourists never see

looking at your "tour here" pamphlets
looking at your "tour here" pamphlets

journey through colourful Guatemala
only a few hours from the unites $tates
and yet a giant step back into history

in Guatemala City the most modern concept in accommodations
awaits you
American(sic) technicians are known to operate
a sophisticated computer system from the National Palace
where communications are centrally controlled
according to Elias Barahona
lists of people to be eliminated
were prepared from the records of military intelligence(sic)
and the national police the blank letterhead
stationary of the death squads "Secret Anti-Communist Army"
and "Death Squad" being stored in the office of the minister
of the interior the definitive lists being prepared
in a dependency of the army known as military transmissions
on the fourth floor of the national palace
and later approved at meetings held there attended
by the ministers of interior and defense(sic) and the chief
of the general staff of the army

in Guatemala City the most modern concept in accommodations
awaits you
at the quietest time of the night
what they use mostly are those cars — vans — like station wagons
with darkened windows
cars you'd never imagine had killers in them
though they can be in any car
this is truly the country where colour was born

Guatemala Today
5-star comfort and luxury
Gen. Efraín Rios Montt
5-star comfort and luxury
Gen. Romeo Lucas García (and family)
5-star comfort and luxury
Gen. Carlos Arana Osorio
5-star comfort and luxury
Gen. Angel Anibal Güevara
5-star comfort and luxury
Mario Sandoval Alarcón
5-star comfort and luxury
Coca-Cola John Trotter
5-star comfort and luxury

Lies of the photographers
Guatemala's people, six million smiles

the Mayan legacy? "All of us were thus."
the Mayan legacy? "We were born to die."

the Mayan praxis? Revolution
the Mayan pedagogy? Justice.

Frank Afflitto

First Trip to Latin America
Guatemala August-September 1979

Shea Sylvester

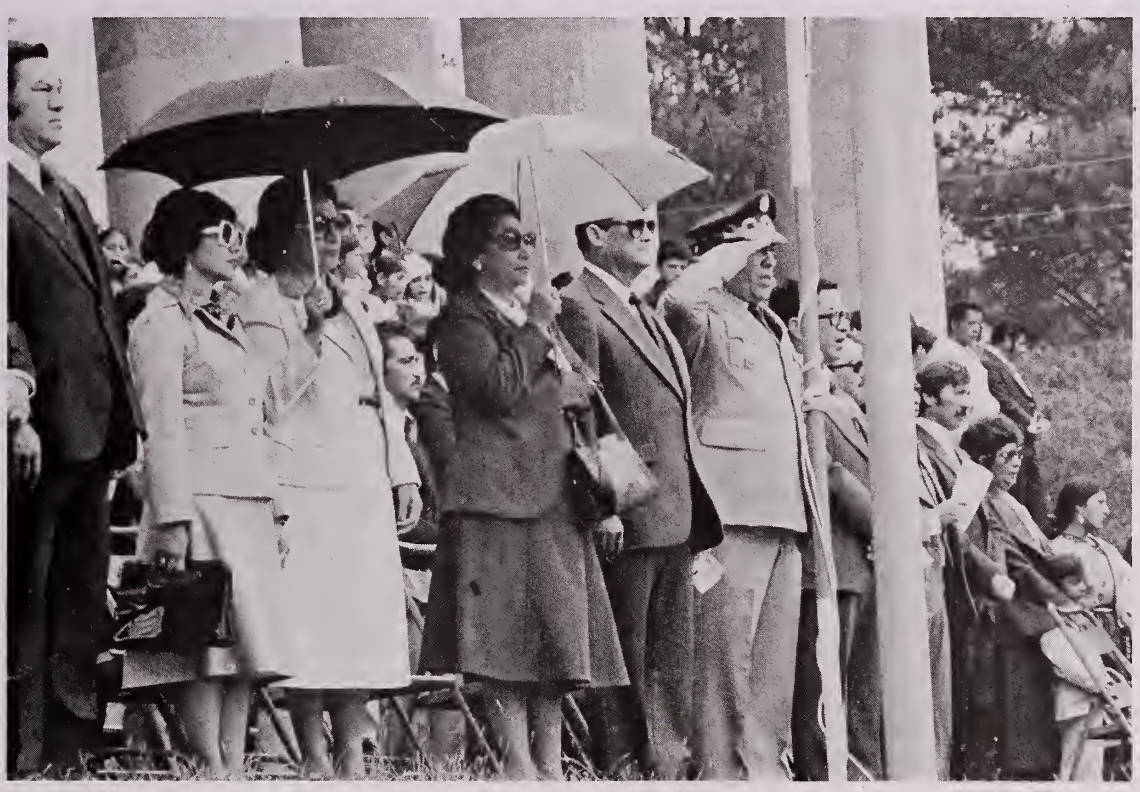
Quetzaltenango, Guatemala, 1979

Independence Day Parade, Quetzaltenango, 1979

Independence Day, Indigena children, 1979

Back Street, Quetzaltenango, 1979

Funeral Procession, Quetzatenango, 1979



Independence Day Parade, 1979

Soldiers, like the Coca Cola Signs are ubiquitous

Masks and the Poro in Liberia

Michelle Byrd

The term Poro describes both a tribal initiation rite and a secret society. In a 1929 study of tribal units that had Poro societies, anthropologist E.M. Loeb found that they had three main functions in the social structure; the maintenance of the status quo through fear, the introduction of death and resurrection concepts and the establishment of tribal unity through physical marking in initiation. These functions were accomplished through dance, decoration, mythology, and symbolism — in short, through artistic means of expression. In this article I would like to show just how deeply art in its more primal stages of development, changes and reflects society.

The tribes found in Liberia meet these criteria and most specifically they use masks to represent spirits during initiation rites and the criteria of Loeb which will be discussed at length later in the paper. But first, it is useful at this point to define when masks are used as a tool of social control. A general definition of masks could include any covering or disguise worn with the intention of transforming the wearer into a symbolic form rather than a disguise used in modern dance or drama.[2] I feel that a good beginning definition of masks, however, is to put the definition into the context of criteria for initiation rites. The masks must be understood symbolically. The audience observing the mask must share the same symbolic repetoire for the mask to be of any significance. The mask, more than just a disguise becomes a tool for binding members of a social group as well as for teaching new members of the group acceptable social norms. For any social system to work smoothly, it is necessary for each member of the society to know and accept his/her respective role and position in it. Masks are integral tools of a social system because they perform the function of demonstrating the importance which society attaches to changes in status among its members. Initiation rites are one social mechanism that gives status. First, initiated men are taught the power to control the mysteries of the mystical world. Secondly, it teaches that there is a proper place for men and women, initiated and uninitiated, and thereby helps people accept their place in society.[3]

The use of masks contributes to the realization of these aims which help people accept their place in society. They give a consciousness to the position a person has in society. Masks also symbolically reinforce the duties and responsibilities such positions carry. They also intensify the bonds of social organization by teaching and reinforcing certain acceptable forms of citizenship.[4] Initiation rites represent the workings of social organization. The rites help the families of a social group perform an essential social function — admit a new generation into membership of adulthood which will perpetuate the social norms and values of their society.

Among the people who call themselves the dā po mä or "Dan-speaking people", this duty to society is brought about by the initiation of a new generation into full adulthood. The Dan, as a linguistic group, share a common language with several dialects. These individual tribes have varied cultures and are spread throughout Liberia, Sierra Leone, and the Ivory Coast. What they share that goes beyond tribal units and cultural differences is the transtribal society known as the Poro. The Poro includes elaborate initiation ceremonies at puberty involving special instruction in a "bush school" and results in admission into the secret society. (Poro for males — Sande (Bundu) for females.)[5] In Liberia there are sixteen major tribes.[6] It has to be pointed out that many times in literature many tribal names are used that are either outmoded or have been falsely given. For example, a very close neighbor of the Dan are called the Wä (Gere) in once source and as far as I can determine the same group is called the Ngere in another. Of the sixteen tribes in Liberia, mentioned in reference sources, which have the Poro I list the: Gio, Mano, Kpelle, Kissi, and Kru as well as the Mende in Sierra Leona and the Guro in the Ivory Coast.

Peabody Museum 19494

Du gh glu, Geh Tribe

For examples of the Poro initiation rituals, I have found a detailed account written by George Harley in his study of the Mano. When the Chief's son is ready to be initiated the "bush school" is opened and at the same time all roads through the sacred forest are closed and signs of taboo set up. A fence is set up made of raffia leaves (which symbolizes falling rain). The Poro area itself is symbolic of the "good old mother earth". Inside, houses are built and dividing fences made for the three grades of initiates: commoners, chiefs, and those destined to become zo's (leaders) and ge's (maskers). This is the first lesson initiates get: they have a place in society. This segregation at the "bush school" shows how initiates go from childhood to adulthood (which says people have a place in society).

The chief's son goes into the Poro first. He is to be the leader of his age group in the Poro and later in life as well. At the entrance, boys go through ceremonial death.[7] Among the Mano, this was an extravagant ceremony and its purpose was to make the "death" of the initiates as

realistic as possible. They were led to the curtain which marks the boundary of the Poro site and apparently run through with a spear and their body tossed over the curtain. Onlookers heard a thud on the other side of the curtain (supposedly the lifeless body hitting the ground). In actuality, a bladder of chicken blood was what really bled, and the thud of the "body" on the other side of the curtain was actually a heavy dummy. The boys were caught on the other side of the curtain unharmed. From that point on the initiates entered another world; forever dead to the world they came from — one of women and the uninitiated.

The puberty rites of the Dan are essentially those of a forest initiation.[8] The Dan believe the world is divided into two clearly separated spheres; one of the village encompassing women, domestic animals, and technology. The other sphere is of the forest; raw materials, wild animals, and spirits. When the boys "die" they go from one sphere to another. The sphere of the forest is called "bon" and is sacred. It is owned by the spirits.[9] It must not be cut down because "bon" is a burial place for the important (chiefs) as well as those who have died unexpectedly.

Another lesson learned in the bush school is that of secrecy. Immediately after their ritual death, the boys are taken to the Poro camp and take an oath that they will not run away, or see, or tell a woman the secret of the Poro life.[11]

The second criteria Loeb says must be met is that spirits are represented throughout the initiation rituals. Spirit masks among the Dan are called Dü (spirit masks) and these spirits dictate through dreams how they want to be manifested in masks to humans. The names of masks may vary between tribes and different dialects, but there are overall forms which can be described and discussed through general categories. In looking at Dan masks we can see that there are two major artistic forms. There are "gle mu" masks which are the feminine form. They have oval faces and slit eyes. The crest of the mask consists of a stiff cap or conical helmet. "Gle gon" are masculine masks with pentagonal outlines and protruding tube-like eyes. They have a crest of feathers, leaves, cords, or fur. There are symbols that go with these masks whereby Dan spectators recognize the emotional meaning and function of the masker.[12] One symbolic element is the use of color in both the surfaces of the masks and the costumes of the maskers.

Red is the color of the Poro and it signifies the color of blood. Red is taboo to outsiders of the Poro.[13] Red also signifies frightfulness and majesty.[14] During the initiation rites there is much blood letting (circumcision and scarification) and sometimes this blood is put into food to keep the boys from fear. White is the symbol of piety, and serenity among the Dan.[15] It is often applied to the eyes of the feminine masks. White clay — among the Mano — is the symbol of the spirit world and this clay was added to the food of initiates during the rites to make them strong and protected. Black feathers in headresses symbolize fierceness and are usually found on masks representing the spirits of warriors. Another symbolic element associated with the Poro is the Zaba plant used to make raffia (a soft string-like fiber) that is used as both a "keep-out" curtain in the initiation ceremonies as well as part of a costume. The heavy raffia skirt, consisting of layers and layers of the string material, is worn with some masks to symbolize power and strength. One of the masks used for the Poro camp is called the Deangle (smiling mask) and sometimes called Bonangle. They are gle mü (feminine) masks, with gentle oval faces and slit eyes. They often have white paint applied to the eye area showing the serenity and spirituality they incarnate. The masker wears either the kason (conical helmet) or komo (stiff cap). He wears a shawl symbolizing village technology, as well as the heavy raffia skirt that comes from the sphere of the forest. This mask to me seems to symbolize the borderline between the two spheres. It symbolizes the spirit world as it interacts with the human world. This is one of the few spirits which is not feared but welcomed into close contact with women. Among the Dan, these spirits come into the village to collect food for the Poro camp and joke with the women. Another mask used in initiation rites as well as village festivals is the Tankagle or singing, dancing, pantomiming mask. This is also a feminine mask like the Deangle but carved in greater detail often with ears, tat-

The mask, more than just a disguise, becomes a tool for binding members of a social group as well as teaching new members acceptable social norms

under the penalty of death. Another aspect of the Poro initiation is that of circumcision and scarification. Circumcision was a minor rite among the Mano people.[10] The real initiation was that of scarification. The scars were the marks of the Poro, and this painful technique was the test of extreme pain. To fail the test meant death. To ensure that the boys learned the lessons of controlling pain, a boy who reacted hysterically to the scarification was made to eat the leaves of a plant saturated with his own blood. This would produce a stomach ache and give the boy a chance to think about the "errors" of his ways. After these ceremonies, the initiates were taught the skills they would need to become full members of the society. They were taught how to build houses, to farm, the tactics of warfare, and proper conduct. When the boys returned to town their parents paid for the services that brought their sons into full adulthood. The boys returned as "newborns", not knowing their own mothers or former associates. At this point I have looked at two of the criteria Loeb detailed: death and resurrection as well as markings or mutilation to achieve full citizenship.

The Mano also had the first criteria of Loeb, mechanisms to frighten women. When certain masks were worn in the village, a bull-roarer was used to alert the women to go indoors. If they were caught looking at the masks they were fined. During the initiation rites, boys covered their bodies with white clay and called out a warning to anyone near who was not supposed to look at them. If a woman did not heed this warning and refused to look away she would be killed, or if wealthy enough to buy her life, she was forbidden to speak for the rest of her

toos, and decorated foreheads. These masks wear the komo cap and raffia skirt. Their major function is one of entertainment; dancing, sketches, and pantomimes. Masks have other functions outside of the initation ceremony. Within the Poro, the initiation is not only one of passage through puberty but also an initiation into secret society. To understand this fully, there must be a discussion of the cultural situation of the Dan people in pre-colonial Africa.

There was no centralized political organizations: each villiage was a politically and economically autonomous unit with a chief presiding over each villiage.[16] These chiefs retained skilled craftsmen and warriors and this was the basis of their power. One concept that is basic to the Dan is that of "tin" which means success, reputation, being important, having a good name. A man who is striving for prestige is called tin kadu, and one who has achieved prestige — tin mä. Prestige was enormously important in an unstable political climate that existed before colonialism. A chief has to have warriors because without them he would lose everything including his life. Young men also had to do something valued within the tribe or be fully at the mercy of the chief. What resulted is a highly stratified and hierarchical society.

To achieve prestige, there were certain actions which could be followed. A man could perfect acting out a certain role such as a warrior. He could perform sensational deeds or publically distribute wealth in the form of presents. And lastly, the most appropriate way to acquire prestige was through feasts. Within the Poro there are both age groups as well as a division between aristocracy and commoners. One of the ways young men could advance themselves and achieve prestige was through the Poro. There is a pyramid of degrees within the organization and a system of advancement, including training in skills, as well as acceptance into guilds and professions.[17]

During the Poro bush school, the initiates begin to see another side of the masks. Gone are the pretty oval female masks and in their place are male masks — half human and half demon with protruding eyes and animal teeth. During the initiation ceremony, each boy of one of the professional classes receives a mä; a portrait-like mask that is small and not worn on the face. The initiates were taught the ways to worship at the mä for it is a connection to the ancestral spirits of the owners and the owner's soul. This can be seen in the case of twins who were believed to share one ancestral soul between them. Usually the death of one twin was planned and the survivor's mä was carved as a double image; two noses and mouths showing the portrait of his soul. As a man acquires prestige, a special mä is made. Men who were zo's (leaders) also got new masks to mark their acquisition of advanced degrees within the Poro organization.[18] These mä masks reflect the social hierarchy in the Poro in Dan-speaking and Mano societies. The masks of lower ranked males were plain and not often well executed. As a man ranked higher, the masks became more intricate and portrait-like with tatoos and elaborate headresses. An example of these masks can be seen in "Masks as Agents of Social Control". Plate I, c, shows a mä made in honor this time of a woman. It has a delicate look, with a beautiful headress of feathers. The wood had to be highly polished. Plate II, a, shows another mask beautifully worked with painted tattoo markings done in white paint.

Examples of the diversity found in Dan masks reflect

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Ye pu glu, Geh Tribe

the highly stratified nature of the society.[19] Dan masks called "gu na gle" are spirit masks of a village section. When a mask becomes older and more respected it can be promoted by concensus of the village elders to gu na gle and it acts as a judge and peacemaker lending political importance to its own village section at village meetings. Masks can even rise higher to judicial and controlling powers over a whole region. One example is the Bugle masks (lit. "gun maskers") which represents spirits of and for warriors. They have dark faces with beards of fur and large mouths revealing animal fangs. These are fearsome masks often with the remains of blood sacrifices found on them. They have protruding tube-like eyes. The headdress consists of black feather helmets symbolizing fierceness. The masker wears a heavy raffia skirt covering the entire body adding the sense of power and majesty. These war masks, was once believed blessed warriors and led them into battle, and many of them through time became promoted to gu na gle.

Another mask which has been promoted to an even higher level of social control is the Glewa mask (importnat maskers). These masks often achieve the name "won pu gle" or "judging maskers". If they have not been promoted to this function as yet, the Glewa masks have been office-holders in the Poro for many generations. With protruding eyes and movable jaws, these judging masks are often a blend of naturalistic and abstract forms. One thing they all share in common however is a strong "masculine" form; protruding eyes, angular shape of the face and head, and beards. The masker wears a stiff red cap elaborately decorated with symbols of power and wealth; leopard skin, white fur and bells. If it was a war mask, the helmet would be of feathers. Like the Deangle masks, they wear a cloth shaw symbolizing the link with the village world and a heavy raffia skirt, linking the masker to the world of the spirit. These Glewa masks act as peace makers and judges with responsibilities to settle arguments or disputes between parties of different villages that the village section maskers (gu na gle) could not settle. These won pu gle maskers have the power to fine any wrong doers and during a circumcision camp can fine the persons in charge if any irregularities are found.[20] The secret society of the Poro have 99 degrees in professional groups.[21] These judgement masks belong to high officials of the Poro who have been instructed since bush camp in the skills concurrent with the symbolic power of the masks. As I mentioned earlier in the paper, initiates going into the Poro bush school enter at the same basic social level they will have when they exit. The Poro allows for advancement. However, when we look at these important judging masks you soon realize that they belong to lineages, and as they are inherited, we find that the hierarchy of power in the Dan and other societies with the Poro is fixed.

Masks also perform other social functions in Dan societies. Some masks are clearly for entertainment purposes. The Dugle (cow maskers) and other animal shaped masks provide entertainment. Glegben or "stilt dancers" wear a raffia wickerwork over their faces instead of a mask and entertain villagers at ceremonial gatherings. Maskers who entertain through pantomimes are called Bagle. They have protruding eyes, a low forehead, and a wig of cloth or cotton cords called blua which is thought to be funny looking. The masker carries a hooked stick used to draw people from the audience and sometimes used to beat them.[22] I can only guess that beating people is a chastisement for actions which are not considered socially correct since the purpose of the Bagle masks are to pantomime and sometimes caricature the events of the day. An example of this is the famous masker, Ngedi and his caricature of how a lazy man maintains his farm. He uses a cowtail flywhisk as a cutlass and instead of working steadily at cutting weeds, Ngedi sharpens his "cutlass" over and over with frequent stops showing the lazy farmer taking many rests to smoke his pipe. Villages may have several maskers of this type with specific styles and repertoires. The more established the masker, the greater the mix of entertainment and social criticism.

Two other masks used for entertainment are gunyegä and Zakpäi gä. The house mask, gunyegä, is worn in foot races by young men in a family and the spirit of the mask is believed to help its wearer win. The mask is oval and painted completely red or black. It has large round eyes. The Zakpäi gä ensures that women put out cooking fires at noon during the dry season. These fire-extinguishing masks often play with the village children, however; they are *symbolic of* the masculine masks with protruding eyes, and the raffia skirt. Even though children approach this masked spirit as one of entertainment, when it performs its duties it has a serious function enforcing village law. Masks that are masculine and powerful are often spirits of aggression and warfare.

Kaogle (chimpanzee maskers) and Kagle (hooked-stick maskers) have monkey-like features — bulging foreheads or browridges, large open mouths, and no chin. They also have triangular eyeslits or protruding eyes and pyramidal cheeks. The whole mask is angular and masculine. The maskers wear bundles of feathers behind their ears ". . . as proof of their powerful, war-like character."[23] They often carry a bundle of hooked sticks used to grab people of the audience to thrash them. These masks were once used to incite young men to war. The Gägon masks (masculine masker) perform only in Northern Dan territory. They have a long jutting nose which makes the mask have a beak-like appearence. Some of these masks are more human-like with a long nose. However, among some tribes the mask has an almost animal quality with a long beak rather than a nose. The mask has a beard of monkey fur, and a movable lower jaw showing teeth. These masks are often referred to as won pu gle. They have the most elaborate headdress of glass, cowries, cloth, fur, and white feathers. The mask may represent a combination of human and animal forms, but the beak-like features may be representative of a hornbill, who, in Dan mythology, was created first by god even before the earth and represents a culture hero.[24]

The masks of the Dan, in many ways linked directly to the Poro society are quite diverse. They reflect important aspects of the society and in many ways its highly stratified nature. As I have pointed out, masks play a major role in bringing about membership of a new generation in the society. Masks also play an active role in social control. They are mechanisms for handing down judgements in disputes and bringing about peace. Masks entertain and influence individuals to maintain correct social values and act in socially acceptable ways. The masks of the Dan show the relationship of social organization and art which teaches us that all art has meaning. Even on the lowest level of neurological response art has an effect on us, it manipulates us in some way — to act or respond to some symbolism.

[2] Rashid; 1971, p.38
[3] Rashid; 1971, p.44
[4] ibid
[5] Murdock; 1959, p.259
[6] Liberian Ministry of Information; 1973, p.17
[7] Harley: 1941, p.13
[8] Fischer; 1978, p.18
[9] ibid
[10] Harley; 1941, p.15
[11] Harley; 1941, p.14
[12] Fischer; 1978, p.16
[13] Schwab; 1947, p.267
[14] Fischer; 1978, p.267
[15] ibid
[16] Fischer; 1978, p.13
[17] Harley; 1941, p.5
[18] Harley; 1950, p.10
[19] Bravmann; 1970, p.30
[20] Fischer; 1978, p.17
[21] Schwab; 1947, p.274
[22] Fischer; 1978, p.21
[23] Fischer; 1978. p.23
[24] ibid

Peter Jukovsky

M.J. King

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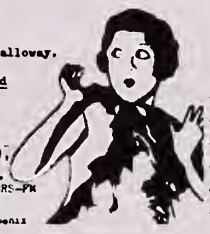

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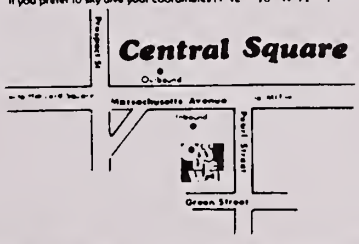

Arleen M. King

SOUND TRACKS

Susan; complete with setup. She usually works about 48 hours a week. This supports herself, husband and two kids. She feels her dedication has really helped to improve her playing a great deal.

Roberta, taking a break, to talk to an older woman.

Teh, Saturday morning, Harvard Square. Originally from Thailand, Teh is going to the Berkley School of Music. Playing down in the subways helps pay his tuition. He also works as a translator for Asian refugees.

Teh and Buddy, Harvard Square. Buddy and Teh sing together on Saturday afternoons. Recently retired from the railroad, Buddy has a great time meeting new people when is is singing with Teh.

Grace Jones — Jamaica-Me-Sick *Review*

Ed White

As a fan of Grace Jones, I was extremely disappointed with her "performance" at 9 Landsdowne on March 30. I didn't know about her when she was a model-turned-disco queen, but I had heard her funky/slinky/sexy records and liked what I heard. I had also heard of her wild, onstage dressing antics (i.e., quick costume changes including gorilla wear) so naturally I thought it would be a treat to see her live. Well, I was wrong.

Arriving two hours late, Ms. Jones nonchalantly took to the stage before an eager, mixed crowd including blacks, whites, gays, straights, trendies, fashion plates, disco queens and other assorted curiosity seekers. With the opening lines of "Walking in the Rain," I could sense there was trouble, and so could Grace. The sound was muddled and inaudible but amazing Grace plowed on. About two minutes into the second song the stage went black. The lights came up on Grace complaining "Fix the sound or I can't continue. Terry! I'm sorry." On to "Pull up to the Bumper" which sounded promising. But once again Grace stopped the taped music and started screaming, "Cut the shit" "(Fix the) sound" "One, two — Check" "Turn it up!" The music resumed and it looked as if Grace might relax. She even played with the audience during "Bumper" joking "I'm trying to masturbate up here . . . trying to get off." The next song, "I Need a Man" started off hot and built up to a frenzied chorus with Grace screaming "I need a man. I need a fucking *man*. I need a *fuck*-ing man!" However, excitable Grace got a little upset and smashed the monitor by lifting it over her head and smashing it on the stage, twice. Then walked off the stage, seemingly disgusted. By now, with no help from Grace, the sound system was beyond repair. But she did return. "It's bad enough I'm late, but to come out and not even hear anything," "I don't wanna fuck up my vocal chords, I wanna sing," she protested. After about five more minutes of this trivial chitchat, a bored Grace moaned "You want *another* song? I hope you're not disappointed." She slid into "From the Nipple to the Bottle," a funky, kinky dance number on her latest LP "Living My Life." The sound was totally inaudible and vague. Grace made a quick exit for the last time to shouts of "Rip off," "Give us our money back." But to no avail. The crowd was quickly ushered out the doors by the confused bouncers to make room for the second show. (She did the exact same 5 songs I learned from a friend.) The entire show lasted twenty-five minutes. For twelve dollars, we got to hear five songs. That's two dollars and twenty cents a song. I'd rather buy a six-pack and one of her records than put up with her tacky, elitist-swine attitude. At least they're returnable.

I'm sure it must have been frustrating for Ms. Jones to have to deal with a bad sound system, but it was equally as frustrating for the audience. I feel that as a performer/artist she had a responsibility to her audience and herself, that she completely ignored. This responsibility being to perform/give to the best of your ability — or at least to be there. I don't think Ms. Jones cared or even thought of this responsibility. It takes two elements for a performance — 1) a performer and 2) an audience to see/hear, etc. I think Grace Jones cares too much about the first element to even consider the second. Grace, I hope you continue to make good music but you'd better be good to the people who support you, or they won't be good to you.

Editor's Note: The technical difficulties were not the performer's fault. Grace got upset when the technicians couldn't fix the sound and threw some props that were onstage — not the microphone. At least 2200 tickets were sold for this event which was supposed to be like a small nightclub act, not a concert at the Garden, so five songs was standard. The performer has no control over the price of the tickets and did care enough about the audience to plow through the whole act. Everybody's down on Grace these days, but has anyone bothered to get her side of the story? No, SHE'S out of town. You should have stayed for the second show Ed, it went swell.

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Third World Voice

The Historical Indebtedness to the South

Cynthia Alvillar

"Nothing important comes from the South. History has never been produced in the South. The axis of history starts in Moscow, goes to Bonn, crosses over to Washington, and then goes to Tokyo"

——Kissinger to Chilean foreign minister Gabriel Valdes
1967

A global view of the world presents a clear distinction between the Northern and Southern hemispheres. This distinction is due to the disparity between the high level of industrial capacity, control of technology and the concentration of capital in the North and the poverty, dependence and political strife of the South. This area, known as the Third World is tied to the world system as the supplier of natural resources, cheap labor and profitable markets. In this capacity the Third World has historically been the basis of the wealth in the North and at the same time has fought to liberate itself from this position.

The East-West confrontation is and has been the central focus of successive governments as it is expressed here by Kissinger. It is precisely this obsessive focus and static view of history that clouds the reality of the wars in the Third World. At the same time it becomes very clear that this ideological position is dangerously meted into a justification for overt and covert intervention.

Essentially, all armed conflicts involving Asia, Africa, and Latin America have their roots in the type of relationships that the North has imposed on the people and governments in these areas to keep them producing the materials needed in the North. A fundamental error that must be avoided in any analysis of the conflicts engaging the Third World is to consider them "local" problems. Their struggles are global in character simply by the importance their countries hold for the maintenance of U.S. hegemony as the leader of the North.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization recently presented one concrete example of how the alliance of the industrialized North is directed against the interests of the South. The battle between England and Argentina was not one solely involving those two nations. The confrontation surrounding the Malvinas/Falklands was an Anglo-American war in which the South was the perceived enemy. The English were the combatants but behind them was the U.S. by providing a fleet that immediately replaced the Royal Navy's role in the North Atlantic. This act allowed England to battle the South but it was the U.S. military base on Asuncion Island that provided the English with military support. Likewise, satellites of the U.S. provided electronic information for the war and U.S. diplomatic pressures and the proclamation of England's "legitimate right" and need for war gave the English the decisive edge.

The systematization of U.S. hegemony over Latin America has been characterized by strategies of economic, political and military support for dictators. As before these policies are meeting challenging opposition from the poor, the hungry, the illiterate; those denied the dignity afforded to the priviledged. However, there are some 55 dictatorships in the Third World. War to maintain U.S. hegemony where the oppressed fight to free themselves from this stronghold has reached world wide proportions.

In Central America, the regime of General Efrain Rios Montt has tried hard to appease the U.S. public in its campaign to propagandize success in the area of human rights. Yet, testimonies are continually exposed by many organizations, including Amnesty International, that cite the exact opposite of the professed successes. The over seventy percent indigenous population is suffering a systematic attack of counterinsurgency and rural pacification called the "gun and beans" policy.

Reports of whole tribes being annihilated are often reported by eye witnesses who identify the armed forces of Rios Montt supplied by the U.S. To the groups of Guatemalans who have had to live under the constant threat of death, Congressional approval of more than $6 million in military "aid" is fatal. Considering years of political repression in that country, which has brought it international condemnation, this shift in U.S. foreign policy is very significant to the people of this Central American country. Such policies have moved them to take up arms to defend themselves against extermination and they know that more Hueys recently appropriated mean more bloodshed and fiercer struggle.

Unfortunately, the significance of this policy change spills over into the rest of Central America. For the revolution in El Salvador this means the further step toward regionalization of the conflict in which Honduras and Nicaragua are already involved. Peace is yet to be won for the Nicaraguan revolution because the U.S. has supplied the Honduran army with arms and training to destroy that possibility. U.S. diplomacy has also offered to supply arms and training to Costa Rica to build up an army where none has existed before, since the U.S. has convinced them that Nicaragua threatens stability.

Throughout Central America direct U.S. involvement has been documented and even Reagan refuses to deny the role of the CIA there when he is questioned by the press. However, there is much more to it than the ridiculous blunders of Haig's accusations of genocide by the Sandinistas while displaying photos of Somoza's atrocities. There is more than the capture, transport and exhibition of a Nicaraguan freedom fighter named Tardencillas who was supposedly trained to direct the Salvadoran war for the rebels. It is comes closer to home when we repeatedly hear that our government is fighting for democracy in the countries where it supports dictators. The U.S. government actually engages itself in these wars to preserve North American ideals of corporate enterprise while the people of these countries wage war for their national liberation.

In Southern Africa, containment has been considered strategically essential to U.S. policymakers. The crises in the republic of apartheid South Africa, Namibia and Angola are all interrelated and affected by U.S. policy in the same way. The struggle to end apartheid within South Africa is hampered by the tacit acceptance of the U.S. government to the U.S. corporations involved there.

Similarly, Namibia's war for national independence conflicts with Western interests and is therefore stifled by the U.S. and others in the North. The people of Namibia have been at war with

South Africa for years to free themselves from the virtual slavery known to Blacks under apartheid and because South Africa has illegally occupied their territory for years. But the eruption of the Namibian armed struggle against South Africa has affected the North at its core. Namibia is rich in mineral resources essential to the military might of the West such as chrome, aluminum and uranium (for nuclear weapons). The U.S. and other western nations find SWAPO's determination disturbing and seek solutions favorable to themselves rather than to Namibian interests. Stalled negotiations for the nationhood Namibians seek are the result.

To shield South Africa from international sanctions and give South Africa occupation authorities time to impose a puppet government inside the territory as well as give Western and South African transnational corporations additional time to exploit Namibia's rich mineral resources, the U.S. has stalled on the negotiations. The U.S. strategy has been to divert the focus away from the western motivations and actions, and to justify South Africa's occupation by arguing against the Cuban presence in Angola (who were placed there to guard against attacks from South Africa). This manipulative move by the U.S. to change the issue has outraged many international organizations and led even the UN to acknowledge that Namibian independence has nothing to do with Angola, but rather with Western economic interests there.

The African National Congress (ANC), South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO), and the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) are aware that their struggles are international in scope and that any policies or actions they employ will be met by U.S. oppostion. Southern Africans engaged in liberation wars and the defense of their victories are stifled because their areas are needed for strategic designs to counter the East as western powers perceive it. The profound blindness the West or industrialized North exhibits is this inability to see rebellion, resistance and revolution as a natural consequence of the pernicious systems of apartheid and neo-colonialism. Which forces the armed masses to fight an international war.

In another part of the Third World, the replacement of Iran as one important gendarme in Asia has meant increased U.S. military support to Israel at unprecedented levels. The relationship between Israel and the U.S. is not simply one of friendship nor generic alliance. And, the war in Lebanon is not solely an Israeli affair. Ariel Sharon stated in an interview with the Italian periodical *Falaci* that the U.S. had planned the invasion of Lebanon with Israel.

Israel has become the nerve center of a system of regional relationships that cannot be limited territorially. With the strategic consent of the U.S. Israel has become a sub-imperialist power that has rendered effective the Western policies with the Arab nations that decomposed after Camp David. With roughly $3 billion in economic and military aid annually, and collaboration for nuclear expansion, Israel dominates the region and enjoys an alliance with the U.S. unparalleled even in Europe.

The "strategic concensus" between the U.S. and Israel has put the war for a national homeland and national identity into a realm of non-existence. It has been the ideological position of the U.S. and Israel that the Palestinian people are destined to be excluded from history. Kissinger-like ideas of non-history, of underdevelopment and of transforming this group into a marginal ethnic appendix to Israeli hegemony are put out by both governments repeatedly, but the war continues. International recognition has been attained on the fact that the dismissal of the Palestinian question inherently undermines any solution in the Arab-Israel conflicts.

Palestinians have systematically been removed from their homelands, relocated and isolated in refugee camps with the same fervor of Manifest Destiny that our own history reveals in the treatment of Native Americans. Palestinian ethnicity and historical claim to the land is as valid as many other semites' from that region. Their struggle to retain the dignity of growth, development and self-determination has been met with military and ideological warfare based on the preservation and expansion of western hegemony and its needs for strategic designs.

Economically, these designs are clearly seen in the data obtainable from the major U.S. banks and financial organizations. The Third World countries, in which 70 percent of the population of the world lives, own 40 percent of the world mineral deposits, but they account for only 20 percent of the world gross product and a mere 9 percent of the world industrial production. In the early 1970s these countries provided less than 7 percent of the world goods export which, on its part, was made up of unprocessed products to the amount of 85 percent, which feeds the industries of the North. Interference with this relationship has led to the military takeovers in Chile, Bolivia, Korea, Thailand, Pakistan etc., which were connected with the interests of the North American multinational corporations of copper, tin and other raw materials.

Third world industry remains underdeveloped in the hands of the western powers so that only ten countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America have industrial activity which accounts for 20 percent of their gross national product, while 17 others have industrial activity that accounts for 15 percent. When foreign multinationals control 100 percent of a country's industry as in Hong Kong or the 92 percent they control in India, 77 percent in South Korea, 66 percent of Mexico and Brazil and 60 percent in Argentina and Singapore, it is easy to see how development and self-determination are unattainable under the existing order.

In spite of Kissinger's ideological position, the South is the source of history because it is the source of wealth for the western powers. The struggle to liberate itself from the bonds of its debilitating position will be the basis for the history of the future. Their struggle is one to transform their subjugated role as the exporters of raw materials and importers of finished goods. This has traditionally been the source of the accumulation of international capital but its maintenance is full of economic, political and ideological contradictions. These contraditions are being reckoned with throughout the Third World and the battles are global in proportion. Victory in the Third World will signify the structural transformation of the present economic order so that the South can develop in the way they choose without the domination by foreign corporations and its people can emerge from the bottom of society. In this fight for dignity and freedom the Third World has picked up arms because its enemy will not go down easy. The leaders in the North know very well that the people are determined to fight and to win. Changes in the imbalanced and unstable order of the world are happening. This history is being made now.

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Guatemala

Bill Allen

Since the CIA-aided coup in 1954 a succession of military dictatorships ruled Guatemala. These regimes have been exceptionally tyrannical and vicious. The Guatemalan military elite continue to regard themselves as "the protectors of western civilization" and they have no scruples about enriching themselves in the process of defending the large landowners and transnational capital.

For the past thirty years the average Guatemalan citizen has been denied the opportunity to live a life free from the fear of state sponsored terror. The ruling interests with their military protectors want to maintain their hold on the country. Therefore, they crush dissent in any form. The movement for a popular government which would assist the people towards better land management, literacy and improved health care threatens the status quo. Thus, the rich and powerful have tried to suffocate movements for the progressive change through the use of widespread torture and murder.

The majority of Guatemalans are Mayan Indian. They have their own languages and an ancient culture. For the past 450 years they have endured a life full of oppression and racism. To quote the OXFam Report of political violence in Guatemala, "In the Indian population, the landowners and entrepreneurs of Guatemala have the largest, most exploitable source of cheap labor between Tierra del Fuego and Hudson Bay."

Today, the Indians along with the ladino peasants and workers have become aware of the extreme injustice in their country. They are determined to change the system to one that is more equitable. To quote OXFam again, "80% of the population have been almost completely blocked from the use of the land, and from access to medical services, schools, credit and legal services, communication systems, police protection, libraries and other similar things."

The Guatemalans who have tried to openly organize agricultural cooperatives, peasant unions, or literacy classes have been murdered. Any type of organization not officially sanctioned is viewed as a threat. Even the Social democratic and Christian democratic parties have been decimated by government repression.

For a people whose lives are threatened, the only rational response to the savagery of the military, and its associated death squads, has been armed struggle. Numerous guerrilla movements have attempted to destroy the military over the past thirty years. They have been largely isolated from the mass of the population until today. Now, the majority of the population is resisting the continued tyranny. The army itself admits that the "subversives" are far more popular than the government forces.

Since the Guatemalan Army cannot defeat the revolutionary forces they try to destroy the guerrilla's base of support. In practice this means that they massacre villages suspected of supporting the guerrillas. At the same time the crops are destroyed and the houses are knocked down. Then the survivors are herded into concentration camps known as "strategic hamlets."

Vast tracts of Guatemala have been scorched by the military. When the current chief general, Efrain Rios Montt, was questioned about his "scorched earth" campaign he replied, "We don't have a scorched earth policy, we have a scorched communist policy." Yet this method of warfare is used indiscriminately against women, children and the elderly.

The noncombatant population has suffered tremendously from the attacks of the military. It is estimated that there are one million internal refugees in Guatemala continually fleeing from the army. These people live from day to day on the edge of starvation.

There are refugee camps along the Mexican-Guatemalan border. There too, the Guatemalans are living on the edge of starvation. It is estimated that there are between 100,000 and 300,000 refugees in the Mexican state of Chiapas. Many press reports have stated that the Guatemalan armed forces have been making cross border raids to terrorize the people in the camps.

The regime in Guatemala has been an international pariah for years. However, its current savagery has provoked even greater worldwide condemnation. (See attached document.) President Reagan may think Rios Montt has been getting a "bum rap" but the European parliament does not, nor did the Permanent People's Tribunal convened in Madrid Jan 27–31. There the government of Rios Montt was condemned for serious, reiterated and systematic violations of human rights. At the Permanent People's Tribunal, Adrian Sandoval Monroy, President of the Human Rights Commission of Guatemala, stated that 90,000 people have been killed since 1954 in his country, 13,500 in 1981.

The accounts of atrocities committed by the Guatemalan regime are long and numbing. The stories of torture, rape, mutilation are so horrendous that we are forced to block them out after a short time. Some people to prefer to ignore them totally.

However, the Reagan administration and the Pentagon are not ignoring the civil war in Guatemala. They see the traditional rulers of Guatemala as their friends and allies. Foreign policy planners regard the continued oligarchic rule as vital to the strategic interests of the United States. The policies which the U.S. government is financing in Central America do not further peace or justice. A massive commitment of U.S. troops would not help to solve the problems of Central America; it will only bring sorrow to many families here and in Central America.

EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT

12/15/82

AMENDMENT No. 1

Presented by the Hon. van den Heuvel, in the name of the Socialist Group and by the Hon. Vergeer, in the name of the European Popular Party.

Proposed resolution by the Hon. Boyes and others in the Socialist Group (doc. 1-1027/82)

Proposed resolution by the Hon. Barbi and Hon. Vergeer, in the name of the European Popular Party (doc. 1-1034/82)

THE GUATEMALAN SITUATION

Substitute the two above proposed resolutions with the following text:

"The European Parliament

A. recalling its resolution of September 17, 1982 on the violation of human rights in Guatemala,

B. alarmed by the dimensions reached by a campaign of repression that, with the pretext of carrying on an anti-guerrilla struggle, strikes foremost at the unarmed rural population and in particular the Indians,

C. having seen the repeated charges of Amnesty International and the recent conclusions of an investigative commission of the North American Council of Churches which confirms this genocide of the Indian population,

D. considering that forty political prisoners can be executed at any moment,

E. considering that about one million people are continually on the move in order to escape mass massacres,

F. considering that thousands of Guatemalans have fled from this violence and seek protection in the bordering countries, above all on the Mexican border region, where there are presently 250,000 refugees living in conditions of extreme hardship,

G. considering that in the last 18 months 15,000 innocent citizens have lost their lives in the course of actions conducted by government troops,

H. troubled by the policies adopted by the new regime, which do not provide the guarantees necessary for a process of true democratization,

1. condemns the criminal acts of the Guatemalan authorities, by whose orders and under whose authority such actions are perpetrated,

2. asks the President to order a delegation of the Parliament to study on the scene what help can be provided by the European community and to formally appeal to the United Nations so that an international commission of investigation can be set up,

3. deplores that Mexico sent a thousand refugees back to Guatemala, who were shot by the Guatemalan army as soon as they crossed the border, and appeals to the Mexican government to give all the help and hospitality possible to refugees trying to escape these massacres,

4. requests the CEE to provide emergency humanitarian aid for both refugees threatened by famine and those who have taken refuge in the area of the Mexican border.

5. asks the Commission to be watchful so that the European aid reaches the population affected through organizations that are independent of governments and are capable of offering every guarantee concerning the management and distribution of aid,

6. asks the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, in political unison, to both vigorously protest against these massacres to the Guatemalan government and take diplomatic action towards the Guatemalan authorities,

7. invites the Council to ask the USA government to take this present resolution into account in view of its political decision to assist the Guatemalan government,

8. charges its President with transmitting the present resolution to the Commission and the Councils, to the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, united in the context of political cooperation, to the General Secretary of the UN, to the UN Commission on Human Rights, as well as to the governments of Guatemala, Mexico, and to the United States."

"If we recognize truth and extract it from every creation, then we will be true human beings."

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The United States-Chilean experiment

Jay Alberto

On September 11, 1973, the democratically elected president of Chile, Dr. Salvador Allende, was overthrown by a United States sponsored military coup. President Allende was ultimately assassinated by it's conspirators.

Since then it has become well known to the world that the Nixon-Kissinger administration played a major role, both before and after the coup, in promoting the change from a progressive democracy to a military dictatorship. However, in all fairness to the Reagan administration, it should be stated that the U.S.-Chilean dictatorship can be contrasted with "totalitarianism."

In the mid-1970's the U.S. Congress investigated the Chilean situation exhaustively. It thus became known that before Salvador Allende's election, the C.I.A. on White House orders financed a covert propaganda campaign against him, and after the socialist victory, it plotted with right-wing groups and military officers to keep Allende from taking office.

The most recent wave of evidence comes from a December, 1982, *Atlantic Monthly* article by the well-known investigative reporter, Seymour Hersh.

Hersh, through his extensive research and contacts with intelligence personnel, has been able to describe several important examples of covert action in Chile. First of all, he found that large sums of money were passed to the right wing Chileans who were convicted of kidnapping and murdering Chief Army General Rene Schneider. Schneider stood in the way of other generals who wanted the coup. Furthermore, Hersh also uncovered evidence which directly implicated then-director of the C.I.A., Richard Helms, and former President Nixon in political assassination. A close associate of Helms' told Hersh that "Nixon had specifically ordered the C.I.A. to get rid of Allende." In short, the article contradicts Kissinger, who still maintains complete innocence of everything under the sun concerning the U.S./Chilean coup.

In spite of the massive amounts of evidence against Kissinger's position, the fact remains, that immediately after the coup Washington provided $62 million to the junta in direct aid and $340.3 million through international agencies in which it has controlling interests.[1]

To make matters worse, ever since the coup, Chile has been subjected to the monetary policies of a group of economists called the "Chicago Boys." All of whom are avowed disciples of Milton Friedman, otherwise known for his book and his T.V. series of the same name, "Free to Choose." In fact, it was the willingness of the U.S./Chilean dictatorship to completely model its economy to Friedman's policies that led massive amounts of U.S. capital, both public and private, into the Chilean economy.

The human cost of the U.S./Chilean dictatorship should not be ignored. For it is the price the U.S. has forced the Chileans to pay for their attempt at constitutional socialism."

Therefore, to more fully understand the Chilean situation, we should review the basic tenets of monetarism.

Monetarists claim that a stable economy can only come about through a very slow and steady growth in the money supply. They maintain that the production of goods and services in the economy normally grow at a steady rate and that the money supply should mirror that growth. They assert that any monetary growth beyond that causes inflation. They hold that the market system works just fine all by itself. The market system, the "Friedmanites" claim, is completely self-correcting of such things as unemployment and inflation.

Monetarism is a politically conservative notion, as well as an economic theory. For it demands a governmental hands-off approach which includes an absolute minimum in all government spending and taxes.[2]

To Friedman and his disciples, Chile was considered a laboratory in free-enterprise since the U.S./Chilean coup, and now the results have materialized. As it turns out, the U.S./Chilean experiment might well be considered the worst economic disaster of this decade.[3]

Latin American scholar James Petras notes in *The Nation* that nineteen eighty-two was disastrous for the Chilean economy. Petras states, "The country's largest financial institutions were on the brink of collapse and industry and construction slipped into a major depression." He continues, "In large measure, this crisis was caused by the policies of the 'Chicago Boys.'

He further states ". . . Economic indicators were down." This includes a 13 percent decline in the gross national product and a 17 percent drop in industrial production. Petras further notes: "The official rate of unemployment stood at 19.4 percent and consumer prices were rising at a monthly rate of 4 percent." There has also been a record number of bankruptcies, along with a rise in debt, which threatens the solvency of every large bank.

Petras mentions the fact that the "Chicago Boys" have been forced to abandon much of monetarist dogma and resort to massive government intervention. He states for example: "Last fall a massive bailout operation was launched to save the banks. Overdue or uncoverable bank loans totaled more than $1 billion — half the banking system's capital and reserves."

Against monetary dogma, the "Chicago Boys" also devalued the peso twice in six months, along with imposing currency controls and raising taxes.

Consistent with conservative ideology and behavior, the consequence of these disastrous policies have been shifted to the workers. Thus, it has been proposed that wages be lowered 16 percent and that all work place health and safety measures be eliminated.

If nothing else, at least Latin America, and possibly the world, know what *not* to do. Unfortunately, at the moment, the Chilean people are not "free to choose."

The human cost of the U.S./Chilean dictatorship should not be ignored. For it is the price the U.S. has forced the Chileans to pay for their attempt at constitutional socialism.

Immediately following the coup, over 350,000 workers were fired from

their jobs for political reasons. Trade unions were banned and any worker showing any dissatisfaction faced firing or arrest. Tens of thousands of people were driven out of Chile into exile. The Church and legal sources at the time of the coup reported between 18,000 to 20,000 people killed and 65,000 jailed. Many of these people were summarily executed. Thousands more were tortured in concentration camps.[3]

Ever since the U.S./Chilean coup, every institution, from nursery schools to Universities, have been under strict military repression.

As an example of the extent to which this repression will go, Amnesty International described the treatment that the three-year old daughter of a trade unionist received at the hands of the junta: "They undressed her and whipped her with a leather whip. They put her in a barrel with ice water until she almost drowned. They threatened to rape her and whipped her again. This was repeated four times a day for four days."[4]

Although the public has heard Milton Friedman peddle his monetarist line, one has yet to hear from him any words of condemnation of the U.S./Chilean dictatorship. I don't mean to promote Cuban-style socialism, but at least female children are safe on the streets. They are even constitutionally guaranteed a home, food and education. But, of course, we must be careful because after all, we are talking about "totalitarians," as opposed to a U.S. sponsored military dictatorship.

Sources

1. Jose Yglesias, "Chile's Days of Terror," Pathfinder Press.
2. *Dollars and Sense,* March 1983, No. 85.
3. James Petras, *The Nation,* February 19, 1983.
4. Amnesty Human Rights Report '81.

They Shoot Children

by Bob Hickey

People should understand the truth about Ireland. In 1921 the "Irish Free State" was born. Immediately the English government devised a plan to keep six counties (falsely designated as "Ulster") in the northeast of Ireland from joining the other twenty-six counties of the newly established nation. England separated that portion of Ireland that had a larger Protestant (those loyal to England, "unionist" or "loyalist") than Catholic (those loyal to the Republic of Ireland, "nationalist" or "republican") population. Therefore England artificially created the six counties in the north and partitioned off the north of Ireland.

Today the Irish Republican Army (IRA) exists because of eight hundred years of England's presence in Ireland, eight hundred years of the cruellest, most inhuman examples of "man's inhumanity to man". There have been many attempted revolutions by the Irish people throughout the eight hundred years of English occupation. However, in 1916 James Connolly, Padraig Pearse, and others succeeded in uniting the nationalist population through decisive action. Thus the IRA was formed.

Brian Kelly

England murdered, starved, enslaved, and sent into exile hundreds of thousands of Irish men, women, and children in its attempt to colonize Ireland. As in Africa and other English colonies the English tried to project an image of the native people as lazy, undisciplined, dirty, disorganized, and stupid. The culture and even the language was attacked and all but wiped out. Yet despite all attempts to strip the Irish people of their identity, the people of Ireland continue to struggle and survive today under the repressive presence of three thousand British troops.

The Ulster Unionist Party controlled the government of the six counties from 1921–1972 and saw to it that the nationalist people were "kept in their place." Laws regulating property, elections, and government presented the nationalists with no opportunities but to voice their opposition. Discrimination is prevalent in employment, housing, and education — which assures a continuing state of poverty among Catholics. Such conditions have increased the consciousness of the Catholic community and people began to take to the streets in 1968 to march for civil rights. Although many try to describe the situation in the north as a religious struggle between Catholics and Protestants, the fact is simply that it is not. The religions of the two groups have been purposely used to divert the attention of outsiders, especially Americans, from the real issues of blatant inequality — political and economic —as well as human rights violations that constitute daily life for nationalists in the north of Ireland. In Northern Ireland racism is well known to the nationalist people.

In 1968 a group of people from Queens University of Belfast, and the Catholic ghettoes of West Belfast formed a civil rights organization to advocate the right for everyone over 18 years of age to be able to vote and to have equal opportunity for housing and employment regardless of sex, religion, or political beliefs. This civil rights movement got its inspiration first from the social, economic, and political forces going on in Northern Ireland, and second, from the civil rights movement in the United States led by Martin Luther King. From Belfast to New Derry the words of Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, and Marcus Garvey echoed in a non-violent civil rights march that took place in 1968. This march was met with brutality by the forces of the law and the armed reactionaries of the state. For just daring to ask for the right to vote and equal opportunity, people were beaten off the streets of Belfast and New Derry and

Brian Kelly

looked down at as second class citizens.

By 1969 the nationalist communities were being attacked. For three days and nights the Catholic ghettoes were attacked by police and loyalists while the people of the ghettoes fought for their life. Virtual war erupted with the police, the military, the paramilitary forces, and the full legal system supporting British rule. The nationalist people were defended only by the IRA.

The British army functioned as the military does under any dictatorship: enforcing unjust laws on behalf of those who make them. Detention without trial, juryless (so called "Diplock") courts, and torture have all been amply documented by Amnesty International and have, of course, been explained away by an English government whose first task in the midst of mounting crisis has always been to maintain its "civilized" image before the eyes of the world.

For the British government, "violence and terrorism" does not mean attacking peaceful demonstrations, burning people's houses down over their heads, torture, imprisonment without trial, or shooting and killing children with plastic bullets. "Violence and terrorism" means when the nationalist community fights back.

Since 1972 eleven children have been killed by rubber and plastic bullets. A plastic bullet is five and a half inches long and one inch in diameter. It resembles a missile. The plastic bullet is to be shot at the ground just in front of the rioters at about 700 yards. The bullet then richochets off the ground hitting the rioters' legs, usually breaking them or causing severe cuts or bruises. As Bernadette Devlin pointed out in her recent visit to U.Mass., "The eleven children killed by the plastic bullets were all shot in the back of the head, of distances less than 700 yards, some only a few yards away. Never in the history of humanity have people ever rioted backwards, and the British government talks to us about violence and terrorism."

By 1972 the British army was in full force in Northern Ireland, whipping the nationalist population into submission. On January 30, 1972 a march for basic civil rights for all people took place in Derry. The people marched in Derry to show their defiance in a peaceful manner against oppression, to open the gates of the concentration camps, to smash the torture chambers, to end repression and military terror, but the marchers were met with a new and terrible escalation of government violence. The British army opened fire into the marchers, killing 14 in cold blood. The mass-murder in Derry is beyond doubt, there were more than 30,000 eye-witnesses on the Bloody Sunday.

The situation appeared hopeless for the nationalist community versus the entire apparatus of English government. But the IRA was growing stronger and stronger as the English oppression increased, and by 1980 the hunger strikes began. IRA prisoners of war were the victims of the most repressive social and legal system in the world, men and women prisoners in the H-Blocks and in Armagh jail made the de-

cision to give up their lives so that the world might see the reality of the north.

After waging an extensive propaganda campaign to convince the world that the people of the north did not support the hunger strikers, the English government was utterly embarrassed to admit that Bobby Sands, while on hunger strike in prison, had won his seat in Parliament by a greater number of votes than had its own Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher. The English government then reacted as it always has in Ireland to the will of the people: it changed the rules, so that no prisoner could legally compete for a seat in Parliament. The voice of the people was heard in a second election: Sands' campaign manager, Owen Carron, won a resounding victory.

The English government was beside itself when Bobby Sands, democratically elected member of its own parliament, voluntarily starved himself to death on it very doorstep to protest its own unjust system. For several weeks the attention of the world was on Northern Ireland. The English, with their multimillion-dollar propaganda machine, found themselves working overtime to contradict the effect of martyrdom in their little colony. Suddenly Irish Americans who knew little of their heritage and who had been trained to respect and admire the English who gave them Shakespeare and an empire over which "the sun never sets," awakened almost overnight. And now, today, many realize for the first time that the oppressed nationalist community has no voice except that of those outside the north of Ireland.

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Brian Kelly

Who Are the Palestinians and What Do They Want?

Frank Afflitto

I would like to begin this article with a statement from each of the leading spokespersons for the two main organizations that oppose each other in the Middle East today. One of these organizations is searching for the right to live free from racial discrimination and cultural oppression, while the other of these organizations is in the forefront of a system of repression, racism and war. It is important that we are able to discern an objective truth in the present Middle East situation as it stands today, and to learn how the past has led to these events. It is necessary to realize *which* "sides", led by the present organizations that lead them, are seeking *what* solution. It is destructive to be close-minded or highly emotional when human lives are involved. With these two following statements, each in a nutshell expressing the philospophy of each opposing group, I'd like to make a plea for *sanity and clarity*:

"My friend, take care. When you recognize the concept 'Palestine', you demolish your right to live in Ein Hahoresh. If this is Palestine and not the land of Israel, then you are conquerors and not tillers of the land. You are invaders. If this is Palestine, then, it belongs to a people who lived here before you came." — Menachem Begin at a 1969 conference in the Israeli kibbutz of Ein Hahoresh.

"Begin and Sharon are not Jews, the crimes they commit do not conform to Jewish morality or tradition. The real Jews are those who refuse to be associated with the attempt to annihilate the Palestinian people. To all of them, to all of the Israeli or Jewish pacifists and democrats, I address the esteem and the gratitude of the Palestinian people, who will never forget their solidarity at the time of trial." — Yasser Arafat, New York Times, September 22, 1982.

Let us advance from rhetoric and religious doctrine to a new sphere of human understanding.

The thing in the newspaper propaganda here (in the U.S.) that bothered me the most, was the stuff about, who had committed the Sabra and Shatila massacres, who was responsible? General Sharon even publicly admitted to allowing right-wing forces to enter the camps on September 16, 1982 with Israeli forces providing light with flares all night long. But the media information here that I encountered was similar to the stuff on El Salvador, that is, a right-wing group had pulled the trigger; it was that group and only that group that did the murdering, divorced from the fact of who gave them money, weapons, training, food, shelter and clothing. So if "right-wing Lebanese Christians" or "Salvadoran Death Squads" pull the trigger then *they're* responsible and not the Israeli government, not the U.S. government. This makes it easy for Prime Minister Begin to say in Newsweek of October 4, 1982: "The Goyim are killing the Goyim, and they want to hang the Jews for it." But this kind of "reasoning" is neither logical nor truthful.

The Israeli government is responsible for the massacres, intricately and directly. The Israeli military was in a ring around the Sabra and Shatila camps on September 15, acting against the agreement they'd reached with the U.S. government, and no one could have possible gone in or out without their approval. They had a vantage point, high atop a 5-story apartment building in the Kuwaiti embassy traffic circle close to Shatila's southern entrance, where they could see all of the camps; no one (particularly an armed group) could enter the camps unless they'd been invisible and not be sanctioned by the Israeli military, and in turn the Israeli government, who establish the policies and gives the orders.

Much of the Israeli press and their propaganda fed the fire of racism and exclusionism against Arab peoples, creating an easy climate for this kind of massacre to take place. This is part of a long list of massacres perpetrated against the Palestinian Arabs since the Balfour Declaration of 1917 (giving Palestine to Britain) and the years prior to the UN partition plan of 1947. Hence: some, like the massacre of Arabs at Deir Yassin, a few miles west of Jerusalem, are most outstanding. There, in April of 1948, Begin headed the terrorist Irgun and present Israeli Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir headed the Stern terrorists in killing 254 women, men and children and throwing all the bodies in a well, with the express purpose of scaring and terrorizing the Palestinians off of their land. Another outstanding massacre is Qibya in the West Bank in 1953, when Ariel Sharon headed the savage Unit 101 in killing 66 Palestinian people. And there's Kafr Qasem in 1956, Sammu; in 1966, the 1978 Israeli invasion of Lebanon, the 1981 bombardement of Beirut by the Isaraeli Air Force, and now this. We must realize that these massacres are symptoms of a sick and inhumane system.

Like Nazism, there must be an ideology to justify these types of killings to the perpetrator society, and in this case the ideology is Israeli Zionism. Zionism justifies these militarist no-compromise politics. This type of Zionism wants only Jews in Israel, with only Jews running the country. This type of Zionism states, in the Jerusalem Post: "Unfortunately for them (the Arabs) they live in and are citizens of a state whose national goals are not their own . . . opening it (Galilee) for further Jewish settlement is not subject to question from any quarter."

The Zionist system perpetrates suffocating repression found on the West Bank, by not even allowing the colors of the Palestinian flag in a painting: "If you paint a flower with colors of white, green, black or red on the petals, we'll confiscate it" says the military governor. Israeli Professor Shahak points out that "the very word 'Palestine' (whether written in English, Arabic or Hebrew) can be a criminal offense. Boys are frequently arrested and sentenced

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for the 'crime' of writing on their T-shirts the forbidden word 'Palestine'."

A well-known Jewish literary figure of this century, Ascher Ginsberg asks: "Is this the dream of a return to Zion which our people have dreamt of for centuries: that we now come to Zion to stain its soil with innocent blood? . . . If this is the 'Messiah' then I do not wish to see it coming." And Arthur Rupin, the "godfather" of Zionist colonization according to an Israeli writer, wrote in 1928: "It became clear to me how hard it is to realize Zionism in a way compatible with the demands of universal ethics. I was quite depressed."

Our media portrays the Palestinians and the PLO as cockroaches, thieves, murderers, insensitive savages, rats, etc. These portrayals are used by the media to soften our minds and to close our hearts to the deaths and murders of the Arab peoples. To look away from hatred and to ignore those who seek justice in a secular, peaceful democracy, is an injustice. It is those Jews in the Middle East and the U.S. that have a belief in democracy and in true peace through justice, not peace as an abscence of conflict, that must stand up and say no more military aid to Israel, no more militarism against Palestinians, Lebanese, and all Arabs. The Palestinians must have their culture, their self-expression and self-determination, their secular and pluralistic state; without this there will only be more war against the Israeli war machine. Genocide is a natural extension of seeking a people's liberation in a militarily and culturally-subdued society.

I'd like to end with the words of the Palestinians themselves: "Although they are victims of a policy of massacre, expulsion and racial discrimination, the Palestinian people look toward the future in a positive spirit of reconciliation. While exercising its right under international law to resist foreign occupation, the PLO proposes a solution that accords fully with international law and is the antithesis of Zionist racism: the establishment of a democratic Palestinian state in which all citizens, Jews, Christians and Muslims, can live on a basis of equality without discrimination."

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Over the next three months we'll be budgeting almost half a million dollars. If you're interested in sitting in during budget meetings call the Student Activities Committee at 929-8260 from 9:00 til 5:00.

We have almost one-hundred registered student organizations from the Scuba-Diving Club to the Politics Society. If you're interested in getting involved with other students who share your interests, give us a call, ext. 8260.

Social Events presents its Annual End of Classes Party on Monday May 2nd 1983 from 12:00 noon until 6:00 p.m. in the 010 Backlot. There will be two live bands. Beer and Wine are on sale for 50 cents each with an I.D. proving legal age. All of the U.Mass/ Boston students and staff are welcome.